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THE SANDINO-SELLERS CORRESPONDENCE and the other messages from Sandino which appear on later pages of this issue have more than passing documentary interest. They were handed to Carleton Beals, *The Nation's* correspondent in Nicaragua, by General Sandino himself in his camp at San Rafael. The letter from Admiral Sellers was picked up behind the Sandino lines, where it had been dropped by a Marine Corps airplane. Carleton Beals asked General Sandino if he had sent a reply. Sandino said No, and promptly called in one of his soldiers, to whom he dictated the letter addressed "To the Representative of Imperialism in Nicaragua." At the same time he dictated and signed the messages to the United States Senate and to the Sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana. These he handed to Carleton Beals, who sent them by mail direct to *The Nation.* They are published in this issue for the first time anywhere. As the issue appears they will be submitted by the Editor of *The Nation* to Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

WHY IS IT that no politician seems to be able to take and hold a strong position against prohibition? It is now even rumored that Al Smith is considering a statement which will help to win him Dry support. We cannot believe it; but on the other hand, as we have already pointed out, Senator James A. Reed has weakened on his full-fledged opposition to prohibition, and has discovered that it is less a political question than a moral one. This is the more surprising because in September, 1926, he gave an interview to Mr. Charles G. Ross of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in which he said:

> One of the great issues of the day is the need of decentralization of the government and the return to the States of the control of their local affairs. A great deal of that can be accomplished by the repeal of federal statutes that ought never to have been passed, but it cannot be fully accomplished without an amendment to the Constitution repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, and permitting each State once more to establish and maintain its own police regulations.

He then added: "I am unqualifiedly in favor of permitting the people of the United States to have the opportunity of voting on the Eighteenth Amendment." He also stated his belief that "each State can handle the liquor question for itself better than it can be handled in Washington." Now this is an honest and straightforward position, whether one agrees with it or not. Why should the mere fact that he has become a Presidential candidate incline the Senator to run away from it?

SENATOR NORRIS CROWNED his years of fighting against the proposal to turn over Muscle Shoals to private interests by a magnificent review of the case in the Senate during parts of four days—days of speaking that taxed his strength to the uttermost. There never has been a finer example of the attitude that a high-minded statesman should take toward a question of this kind than Senator Norris has given. For months upon months he buried himself in the details of this case to the exclusion of almost everything else, and made himself a master of the subject. Fortified by his detailed knowledge, he then hewed to the line, fighting steadily for the principle involved in the matter. We do not know at this writing what the outcome of this battle will be, but it looks as if a final decision would again be delayed. This is better than to have the project turned over to private interests, although, as Will Rogers put it: "When you see a $150,000,000 plant lying idle it gives you an idea of the pull in legislation that the power trust exerts. They say, 'If we don't get it nobody else will.'" There is coming, largely as a result of Senator Norris's efforts, a clearer understanding among the public of what the fight is about. Among the organizations that have upheld the Senator in his stand and report an awakening and increasing interest among their members is the League of Women Voters.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME the reactionary Republican leaders in the House of Representatives have succeeded in postponing the adoption of the Norris amendment to the federal Constitution, by which the "lame-duck" session of

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Congress would be abolished and the filibuster rendered impossible. Speaker Longworth, Floor Leader Tilson, and Chairman Snell of the Rules Committee are responsible. Nothing could better demonstrate the utter stupidity of their leadership. Not one tenable argument existed for the rejection of the resolution to submit this resolution to the States. In the Senate, where reaction is penetrated by occasional gleams of intelligence, the resolution has been adopted four times by overwhelming votes. The only intelligible point made during the debate against the amendment was the cynical one that Congressmen would profit by allowing their constituents thirteen months in which to forget their campaign promises. And this is "government by the people"!

COMMANDER SPAFFORD of the American Legion is openly engaged in defying the Constitution of the United States. Other Legion commanders have denied that the Legion is opposed to the constitutional guaranty of free speech and have insisted that the Legion did not mix in politics. Spafford acts openly and flagrantly. On December 20, last, for instance, he wrote to Albert L. Cox, commander of the Legion in North Carolina, giving the dates of Sherwood Eddy's proposed speeches in that State, inclosing a copy of a false and libelous history of the Y. M. C. A. leader prepared by Colonel Ralph Royal Bush, of the reserve officers' fraternity Scabbard and Blade, stating that "proper pressure" had prevented Mr. Eddy's speech in Fayetteville, and suggesting that his other speeches be prevented. Commander Cox took the hint. On January 4 he wrote to local post commanders stating that

> Sherwood Eddy is not the sort of man that can do North Carolinians any good. . . . I suggest that you get in touch with the proper people and either have the engagement canceled or arrange for some good legionnaire to speak after him.

To which the alert local commander in Kannapolis, N. C., replied: "This is the first time I have heard of you being so far behind on anything. I have already stopped Eddy's engagements in Kan. and Canton and received a letter of congratulations from Gen. Bowley for same."

TODAY, AS ALWAYS, the American Indian is shamelessly exploited by his white "protectors," but no longer, thanks to the fine work of the Indian Defense Association, can he be exploited quietly or in the dark. The latest fight of this organization, supported by a few progressive Senators, has been against a bit of special legislation of a particularly insidious sort. Disguised as a measure to improve the lands cultivated by several tribes of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a bill has been passed which saddles those tribes with a burden of debt which may in the end dispossess them of the very lands in question. Through the Indian Defense Association and Senator La Follette, who made a splendid speech in opposition, the facts have become known. The bill in question originally called for the appropriation of more than a million dollars for irrigating 15,000 acres of land occupied by various Pueblo tribes. The tribes themselves supported the measure and agreed to shoulder the financial burden of repaying the money involved to the federal government. Unfortunately a further appropriation of $563,455 was tacked to the original bill in spite of explicit assurances to the Indians that no additional sums would be charged against them. This extra half million will benefit a large area only part of which is held by the tribes but under the law it can be appropriated only in the name of the Indians. Thus, as the result of a legal technicality, or out of sheer malice, a total indebtedness is saddled on each Indian acre of $109.50; while the neighboring white lands which will also benefit carry a debt of only about $77 an acre.

"YOU-UNS ASKED ME why my children had no shoes and I answered": thus Mrs. C. E. Barr, wife of a coal miner, testifying before the Senate Committee investigating conditions in the coal industry. Mrs. Barr told the Senators that her eight children had to do without shoes and stockings because the storekeeper threatened to "stop the eats" on her if she bought them; and because Mrs. Barr had told her troubles to the committee her husband was discharged from his job. The Senators heard of the coal-and-iron police, of heads bearing scars from police blackjacks, of the filthy conditions under which strike-breakers are forced to live, of the unhealthy life in the mine barracks where dwell strikers and their families, of credit no longer extended at company stores, of shots fired into miners' homes and into schools where sat miners' children. They learned that the Pennsylvania Railroad has forced small mine-owners to shut out the union or shut down entirely. The Senators heard John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers describe the straits to which some of the miners not on strike are reduced. According to Mr. Lewis, the wives stand around the pithead; when a load of coal comes up the foreman shouts "Load for No. 46." Whereupon Mrs. 46 goes to the store and charges as many provisions as are covered by the wages due her husband for the load. What is the country going to do about this sick industry?

IBN SAUD, chief of the Wahabis, is one of the heroes of the Moslem world, and if he has in fact taken the warpath against the British on the outskirts of Arabia there is trouble ahead. A raid by Ibn Saud is more than a raid; it is an appeal to a hundred million Moslems to throw off the British yoke. Time was when a gift of $300,000 yearly made by the British Government kept Ibn safe in the heart of Arabia Deserta; but three years ago he emerged to drive Britain's puppet out of the Hejaz and set up his own capital in Mecca. Nor is he merely a desert sheik and leader of a Puritan sect. His tribe bans silk clothes and forbids smoking; but Ibn Saud has installed a telephone system in Mecca and travels in a limousine. Furthermore, Britain's relations with the Moslem world are peculiarly delicate today. The Egyptian Parliament has just refused to accept a treaty which seemed to legalize the British military occupation of Egypt and control of the Sudan; and in India the all-British Simon Commission is facing daily storms. Yet there are those who think that this desert war was provoked by Britain as an excuse for occupation of the strategically important principality of Koweit, which is close to the mouth of the Euphrates. If so, it was a dangerous gamble.

AMONG RECENT RUMPUSES take the one raised last spring at the University of Louisville. None shows more clearly, as is made plain by the report of the American Association of University Professors, how much academic damage can be done in a single year through the misapplication of executive energy. The report takes pains to say

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that President George Colvin is an able man; but the story it unfolds is of a faculty turned upside down within a few months after his accession in 1926. The feeling seems to have run among the professors that their jobs were in danger; threats of removal were made and in a few cases enforced; announcements of new policies took departments unawares; petitions and letters flew back and forth; there were special meetings of the faculty, during one of which thirty-nine out of forty-seven professors asked for the resignation of the president; a committee of Louisville citizens was formed to investigate and make recommendation; the local press printed communications from and about professors; and certain quite evidently unjustifiable acts of Mr. Colvin came into the light. Nothing much "happened," except that the university lost Professor Louis Gottschalk from the department of history. But the morale of a university was ruined by a president who, as the report implies, thought of himself as a "sovereign" with "subjects."

PORTO RICO'S UNIVERSITY is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. There is nothing in the history of its colonial ventures of which the United States has more right to be proud. In Rio Piedras is a North American university in a Latin environment which, while it brings to the sugar island the best of Anglo-Saxon culture, teaches primarily in Spanish, and respects Spanish culture. Latin students who want to learn English flock there, and North American students who want an easy bridge to Spanish. The University of Porto Rico has become a laboratory of the finest type of Pan-Americanism, and one of its chemical products is a new kind of human inter-American understanding. Every State university in the United States, many of the old private universities, and most of the great institutions of learning south of the Rio Grande are sending delegates to this anniversary celebration, and *The Nation* adds its mite of appreciation.

Ibsen—History or Fame?

THE little man from Skien who had so much of the village parson in his makeup but who nevertheless succeeded in setting the world by the ears was born just a hundred years ago this month. In 1891 Clement Scott was calling Ibsen's most famous play "a loathsome sore unbandaged, a dirty act done publicly," and as late as 1913 William Winter was using him as a mere foil against which the genius of Henry Arthur Jones could be made to shine more perfectly, but his centenary finds him included in the lists of Freshman Readings and not seldom produced with something of that same air of complacency which generally marks a Shakespearean revival. He exists today in a form more substantial than any of his dramatic contemporaries, and if only one name should ultimately be left by which men will remember the theatrical revolution of the nineteenth century it will indubitably be his.

But, in literature at least, fame and history are not the same thing, for, as Rémy de Gourmont once remarked in an aphorism recently quoted in a little book about him by Richard Aldington: "Posterity is like a schoolboy condemned to learn a hundred lines of verse by heart. He remembers ten, and stammers a few syllables of the rest. The ten lines are fame; the rest is literary history." Ibsen's name cannot be erased from the records and his place in history is secure; but there are probably many men today less sure than they were ten years ago that he belongs so indisputably to fame—that he will be acted and read as often in the future as he will be remembered. Half, at least, of his writing belongs to polemical journalism, and as such had a temporary importance not commensurate with its permanent value. Certainly "A Doll's House" is almost as dead as the debate which it provoked and has become no more than a tepid pamphlet written in defense of a very elementary feminism. Nor can it be denied that much of the writing in many of the plays is of the sort once tremendously exciting, now laboriously obvious. Ibsen bridged a mighty gulf but the scaffolding is all too visible. He had not only to write drama upon new premises but he had to defend those premises at the same time, and the defense, once so important, is now otiose. To read his arguments in dialogue is to be reminded of his historical importance, but to be reminded also that it is not by historical importance that works of literature survive outside of the textbooks.

In spirit Ibsen never entirely escaped from his parish. With all his genius he remained in part the parson which nature seemed to intend him to be, and his plays have often the stuffiness of a rectory parlor. Vine leaves never adorned a solemner head, and no Dionysus before or since has ever worn such mutton-chop whiskers as those which, forgetting for the moment to clash his sacred cymbals, Ibsen not infrequently paused to stroke. And yet if it is indeed to history and not to fame that he must ultimately be resigned, the fault is less his than that of his age, which was changing too fast not to need argument more than it needed art. He himself certainly realized far better than most of his disciples that the two are not the same. He was ready enough to rebuke those who went to him chiefly for the solution of moral or sociological problems, and his deepest desire was to write plays rather than sermons. Yet the subjects which he wished to choose and the point of view from which he wished to treat them were such as inevitably involved him in polemic. He could not hope that his audience would begin where he wished to begin; two or three decades lay between his intellectual position and that of his audience; and he was compelled to argue or educate it to a state of mind which would make it possible for it to understand his drama. Wagner did not write his pamphlets into his scores but Ibsen did something very much like that. In the eyes of posterity they suffer much from the fact. Even "Ghosts," which undoubtedly has a dramatic force almost completely lacking in "A Doll's House," labors points which we take for granted and defends premises which we would never think of questioning. That the audiences for which it was intended needed all the explanation they could possibly get is sufficiently demonstrated by the metaphors which Clement Scott used to describe the play, but time has made of them mere incumbrances which may very well consign "Ghosts" also to history.

On the first centenary of his birth Fame has already made up her mind to reject at least two-thirds of Ibsen's work but she is still wondering whether she will be able to remember the third that is left—including "Hedda Gabler," "The Wild Duck," and one or two others. But Fame does not make up her mind with conspicuous haste. Upon this centenary she knows what she thinks about certain of the plays; she will be ready to decide about the others when the next centenary comes around.

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"Silent in the Presence of Sin"

THAT is the situation of Calvin Coolidge. It was that of Andrew Mellon until a chance penciled memorandum in the papers of the late John T. Pratt, bearing the hardly legible name "Andy," led to the smoking-out of the Secretary of the Treasury—not the first time that a man has been betrayed by a single word. Then, in reply to an inquiry from Senator Walsh, Mr. Mellon suddenly remembered that late in the fall—perhaps November—of 1923 the Honorable Will Hays, former chairman of the Republican National Committee and former Postmaster General of the United States, had sent to him a package of $50,000 in Liberty bonds. A few days later Mr. Hays called on him, Mr. Mellon reports, remarked that these were Sinclair bonds, and suggested that he, Mellon, keep them, and contribute an equal amount to the deficit of the Republican campaign fund. This the virtuous Mr. Mellon rightly refused to do. What Mr. Hays was asking of him was that he accept $50,000 of tainted money and for the deliberate purpose of concealment contribute $50,000 of his own funds to the deficit. He returned the bonds and sent $50,000 of his own money. Besides being asked to receive bribe-money—Senator Borah calls it money contributed with "an ulterior and sinister purpose"—Mr. Mellon was asked to take part in a transaction intended to deceive the committee which was delving into the oil scandals and the stealing of the naval-oil lands. But it was in an effort to prevent the public itself from learning the truth that the patriotic Mr. Hays, a Presbyterian elder as he proudly describes himself in "Who's Who," was primarily engaged.

This was in 1923, a year and a half after Fall had accepted the $100,000 Doheny bribe for alienating the naval-oil lands and turning them over to private interests, and had also taken nearly $300,000 from Sinclair. If Secretary Mellon was unaware then of Fall's corruption he knew it two months later, for it was in January, 1924, that Mr. Doheny revealed the incident of the $100,000. Soon the front pages of the dailies were teeming with the Sinclair story as well. The mills of justice began grinding, and eventually the Supreme Court denounced Sinclair, Doheny, and Fall and declared that they had been guilty of corruption and fraud in shamelessly robbing the public of its heritage. Slowly the criminal proceedings took their devious way. During all of this time the virtuous Andrew Mellon kept silent. The committee struggled to obtain the facts about the Sinclair bonds—Mr. Mellon's lips remained sealed. Month after month its agents hunted all available records in the effort to reveal the whole story of this unparalleled corruption. They obtained no help from the Treasury; some even suspected that obstacles were being placed in their way; Andrew Mellon did not speak. He knew that Hays had received Sinclair money in bulk and that he was trying to cover up his tracks. Mr. Mellon had neither the courage nor the decency, not sufficient love of his country or regard for the purity of its political and national life to offer one hint to Senator Walsh. Even when, in January of this year, Senator Walsh asked and obtained the aid of the Treasury Secret Service in tracing Sinclair bonds, Mr. Mellon gave no hint of what he knew. Calmly and deliberately he placed loyalty to his party and to his crooked associates, in and out of the Cabinet, above loyalty to his country and its institutions.

Early in 1924 Hays went on the stand and swore that $75,000 was all the money that Sinclair had ever given to him. Secretary Mellon knew that this was not true, but Secretary Mellon kept silent. On March 1 of this year Hays again went on the stand to admit that he had received $260,000 from Sinclair. Under oath he told of certain of the Sinclair bonds going to Frederic Upham, to Secretary Weeks, to John T. Pratt, but not one word did he breathe of his visit to "Andy" Mellon for the purpose of getting him to conceal part of the transaction in which he was engaged, which he knew could not bear the light of day. Did Andrew Mellon remind him of his visit? Apparently not. Did he call the attention of Senator Walsh to it? He did not. And he would be silent at this moment in the presence of that sin and wrongdoing if it had not been for the accident of that one penciled word found by an honest secretary of John T. Pratt among the memoranda left by his late employer.

Senator Norris demands that Mellon be asked to resign. The Supreme Court has branded ex-Secretary Denby as a "faithless public officer"; we cannot see why the designation does not apply with equal justice to Secretary Mellon. It is idle to say that his hands are clean, or to compliment him, as does the New York *Times*, because his "prompt reply" to Senator Walsh "made a complete explanation." The very fact that Mr. Mellon was ready to engage in this conspiracy of silence although he had sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land makes it difficult to believe anything he says hereafter without the most complete proof. As the Baltimore *Sun* points out, less than two years ago he explained that he saw no difference between his contribution to the slush fund raised to reelect Senator Pepper and his contributions to a church. It is he who owns the Western Pennsylvania Republican machine with all its rottenness, which has apparently just struck a bargain to reelect Vare to the Senate. This is hardly the type of man to be in the Cabinet of the United States.

But where does this leave the President of the United States? Where does it leave Herbert Hoover, and Charles E. Hughes, all preachers of political and social morality, who also sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, Weeks, and Mellon? Not one of them has opened his lips as to these oil scandals from beginning to end—not one word of regret that their party is so befouled that it reeks with filth, that it is in a quagmire of corruption and crookedness of which they have been the political beneficiaries. The Sinclair bonds were used to pay the deficits incurred in electing Calvin Coolidge Vice-President of the United States. With any man of fine sensibilities that fact would be enough, we repeat, to make him speak out. Instead, he, too, compresses his lips and leaves to Senator Borah not only the proper characterization of these sinister funds but a demand that every cent be returned to Mr. Sinclair even if the money has to be raised by one-dollar contributions. It is time that Calvin Coolidge in common decency refuse to remain silent any longer in the presence of sin, that he remember the words of Galsworthy—"Keep faith! We've all done that. It's not enough."

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War in Nicaragua

IF the American people had that sense of humor upon which they so pride themselves, the nation would have rocked with laughter when the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations announced that the Marine Corps would have to stay in Nicaragua in order to insure a "fair" election! The Senate had just refused to seat Frank L. Smith, elected by the people of Illinois, and William S. Vare, elected by the people of Pennsylvania, because of gross misuse of money in their campaigns; the Supreme Court had just branded a Secretary of the Navy and a Secretary of the Interior who had been Mr. Coolidge's honored Cabinet associates as guilty of collusion and corruption; the former chairman of our ruling party, also a former Cabinet member, had just admitted that he had lied about his campaign expenditures, and he and his associates are at this moment being exposed in deliberate and deceitful circumvention of the law. The State of Indiana has been struggling to get rid of its corrupt Ku Klux Klan officials. And at such a moment the venerable Senators, led by Senator Borah, stand up and with straight faces announce that the marines must stay in Nicaragua to teach the benighted Latins all about honest voting. That ought to be enough to make even Calvin Coolidge relax into a hearty guffaw.

Of course the marines are not engaged in preaching democracy to the peons on the coffee plantations. Instead, they are up in the sparsely populated hill-country, killing Sandinistas. As the incomparable Will Rogers puts it, they "are doing all they can to see that there are fewer votes to supervise and Sandino is doing all he can to see that there are fewer marines to supervise." Statistics presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations by naval officials tell another part of the story. Up to February 1 the United States had sent 4,609 marines to Nicaragua. Sandino believes he has killed five hundred Americans; the Navy Department admits that 21 have been killed, 45 wounded, and 1,410 returned to the United States as "casuals"—some suffering from tropical fever. The United States has—or had—six De Haviland bombing planes, two amphibians, six observation planes, six Vought corsairs, three Fokker transports, and six Curtiss Falcon planes in Nicaragua; at least three of these have been forced to the ground, and ten others have been hit by Sandino marksmen. No one knows how many Nicaraguans we have succeeded in shipping into the great democracy of the dead.

This is not an election; it is war. The Constitution declares that only Congress has the power to declare war, but the State Department and the marines are as contemptuous of the United States Constitution as of the Nicaraguan. The Navy Department and the Treasury admit that this is war. The Comptroller General ruled on September 15, 1927, that officers without dependents were not entitled to rental allowances "since they were serving in the field in the face of an enemy," which, according to the *Army and Navy Register*, means that the United States is in a state of war with Nicaragua. More recently the Comptroller General has stated that the Secretary of the Navy has recognized the situation in his citations for the award of the navy cross, stating that "in the case of individual officers on duty in Nicaragua there have been actions, battles, and an enemy."

These, to be sure, are technicalities; to the parents of the boys killed in action the meaning of this war goes deeper than any bureaucrat's ruling. We quoted some weeks ago the comment of John S. Hemphill, father of a Missouri boy killed in action; Emil Pump, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, whose son John was killed in Nicaragua, made similar comment to the Des Moines *Tribune:*

> It's only a rich man's war [he said]. And not a single one of us will be hurt or benefited no matter how the fight turns out. Coolidge just pulled a fast one on Congress and, as a result, they have sacrificed my boy and others to protect the big bankers' interests. But I hope they will send John back home here now. The rich men will not want him dead, but we do.

Emil Pump came closer to the truth than Senator Borah. The marines did not go into Nicaragua to reform the electoral system; they went there because American investors had preceded them and because the criminally stupid young men in the State Department recognized an impotent down-and-out as President of Nicaragua and called upon the marines to make good their folly. Half the country, including Senator Borah and the New York *World*, now seems to think that because we made that ghastly mistake we must stand by it, no matter how many lives it costs. There are even Senators who, forgetting their scorn for treaties negotiated by a mere Woodrow Wilson, plead that the marines must stay until a Henry Stimson's agreement for a marine-controlled "fair" election is fulfilled.

We will never get out until we divest ourselves of that murderous sense of superiority which deludes men like Senator Borah into believing that we have a moral obligation to kill Nicaraguan patriots who object to marine control of their elections. Consider the hypocrisy of it! In order to maintain the military control which General McCoy believes essential to an "honest," Yankee-controlled election, we have demanded that the Nicaraguan Congress tear up as a scrap of paper the electoral provisions of their national constitution. In the name of marine-enforced democracy we have attacked constitutionalism, declaring that the United States would, "by means which it does not feel called upon to outline in advance," see that its will was done. Suppose, under such circumstances, a President is finally elected. The very fact that he has been elected under Yankee auspices dooms him to unpopularity from the start. He will be as unable to retain his seat without Marine Corps aid as was the unfortunate Diaz. What then? Will not the young men in the State Department still feel that their prestige and the nation's are at stake and that the marines must keep their President in power?

The way to get out is to get out. Sooner or later—and for the honor of the country we wish it might be sooner—the United States, more and more unpopular, will have to appeal to the other Powers of Latin America to help us out of this mess, as they helped us out of the Mexican mess in 1916. That would go far to meet Sandino's suggestion made to Carleton Beals. It would be common sense. It would head toward peace. Our present course does not.

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When Ships Are Wrecked

"THE customer is always right" is an old rule of merchandising, and "The passenger must be saved" is an equally ancient law of the sea. Not only must the passenger's life be saved, but so must his comfort and peace of mind when possible. And often, even in shipwrecks, it is possible—even to the extent that the passenger does not realize his danger or the peril others have risked.

When the Robert E. Lee of the Eastern Steamship Company, feeling her way in a dense snowstorm from Boston to the Cape Cod Canal, hit a projecting reef near Plymouth, none of the passengers seems to have been much disturbed and three of them slept through the night without knowing that anything out of the way had happened. When they were taken ashore at Plymouth the next day by rescue vessels of the Coast Guard, some of the passengers said that shipwrecks were not bad except for a slight irregularity in the meals, while probably many did not know until they read the newspapers the next day that it had not been so simple for all concerned and that three men of the Manomet Point life-saving station had given their lives not merely that the passengers' lives should be saved but that their comfort and peace of mind might not be disturbed either. For it does not seem to have been strictly necessary that the lifeboat should have put out at all. Vessels from the Coast Guard were standing by the wrecked steamship ready to take the passengers off as soon as it was possible. But the life-saving crew of Manomet Point had tried again and again during the night to launch a boat, only to have it tossed back on the beach like a cork. So when the sea moderated slightly in the morning, their unwillingness to be beaten and their wish that the life-saving station should do its full duty led the men to try again—this time successfully—to launch their boat. They rowed out to the Robert E. Lee to find out if there was anything they could do, and then back—or almost so. A giant wave pitched the lifeboat into the air—and it landed bottom side upward. Somehow the hardy men of the crew, one of whom was a volunteer, managed to get hold of the boat and cling to it in the icy water. All except one, Frank Griswold, who was not seen again.

Driven by a furious wind, the lifeboat drifted toward Stage Point while the crowd on shore sought somehow to rescue the rescuers on the upturned boat. Two airplanes descended to within a few feet of the boat but could do nothing. Finally, as the boat reached slightly calmer water, a power boat and a dory, manned by volunteer crews, put out and dragged the half-frozen men of the life-saving station aboard. William H. Cashman, who had been in charge of the lifeboat, died a few minutes after he was brought ashore, and Edward P. Stark died on the way to a hospital in Boston.

Much credit goes to many persons in connection with the wreck of the Robert E. Lee. Officers and crew, according to passengers' accounts, behaved well, and the Coast Guard, as usual, rendered heroic and effective aid. But, above all, stands the life-saving crew of Manomet Point, which lost three of its members in upholding the great traditions of the service and in carrying out the rule of the sea that the passenger must be saved—even his comfort and his peace of mind.

The Loeb Library

THE recent announcement that the Loeb Classical Library had reached its two-hundredth volume was not the occasion, so far as we know, for public jubilation throughout the English-speaking world. But the satisfaction it gave was none the less solid, and for that matter none the less widespread. Scholars and lovers of literature on all the continents are interested in this series of books, which when completed will give them practically the whole of extant Greek and Roman literature in critical text and English translation. Though James Loeb, the donor of the funds which made the library possible, has made other gifts to the world of learning, he has made none which is more important, and in our opinion none could have been more important. The library is something to be profoundly grateful for; and it is something in which Mr. Loeb, once a student of Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard, later a banker, and now in retirement in Germany, may well find satisfaction.

The Nation, reviewing the earliest volumes of the library when they appeared some years ago, took exception to their physical form. Outwardly graceful and compact, they revealed certain mechanical weaknesses inside, the type being often overcrowded, the inner margin disappearing sometimes from sight, and the whole book being too difficult to open and keep open. These faults have been mended as the library has grown, so that now the only criticism to be made is of the contents. Of such criticism there is little that would concern the general reader, or even the general scholar. Specialists in Fronto, Eusebius, or Galen may quarrel here and there with the text, the bibliography, or the translation. For the most part, however, specialists have hailed the volumes as they came along. And the general reader who has within his reach Polybius in six volumes, Plato in eight, Xenophon in three, Quintilian in four, Apollodorus in two, and Plutarch in twenty-four (as will be the case when the Plutarch is done) has no cause to do anything but congratulate himself. For this is only the beginning. The Livy will run to thirteen volumes, the Plato is only well under way, the Cicero apparently is endless; and out on the classical fringe there will be authors of whom the reader barely knows the names—Asclepiodotus, Eunapius, Frontinus, Manetho, Tryphiodorus, Colluthus, and Oppian. Of eight new volumes just received from the American publishers of the library (Putnam's) one completes the edition of Aulius Gellius, one begins the Athenaeus, four continue the Josephus, the Plato, the Dio, and the Cicero, one offers the whole of Isaeus, and one is the eighth of a remarkable group furnishing forth the entire feast of miscellaneous Greek lyric poetry. Mr. Edmond's "Lyra Graeca" is a unique contribution to critical and historical as well as textual scholarship.

We have heard rumors from an American university press of a plan to do something on this scale for masterpieces in the modern languages of Europe, and we hope that the plan will be carried out, though to be useful it will have to be conceived in terms of many hundreds of volumes. There are still other libraries—Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Arabian, Amerindian—which other patrons might be encouraged to endow. But there would need to be many James Loebs before all this took place, and we do not know how many there are.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

TO the world America seems vast, hard, and efficient. And Americans foster the idea. Well, we are pretty big, but how about the rest of it? Certainly efficiency does not smite the citizen of the United States on every side. Consider the City of New York and the way in which it is run. No larger municipal enterprise is anywhere maintained and as president of the corporation we have selected a drummer boy.

It is easy to like Jimmy Walker. Of all current mayors he is the best turned out, although admittedly a little flashy. His manners, save in the matter of promptitude, are thoroughly engaging. He makes a nice speech and he has a pretty turn of wit. All visiting celebrities have been handled with tact and gay discretion. Of course the spot where Jimmy plays has helped him mightily. Coming hard upon the heels of the gloomy Hylan, Mr. Walker could scarcely fail to gain popular approval. Although no mighty thinker he is palpably more agile in his mental processes than his ill-tempered predecessor.

To be sure, he has not altogether dispensed with the Hylan tradition. The accepted procedure for handling municipal problems is to let them lie and grow more pressing. But there is a difference. John F. Hylan had no gift for relaxation. Even in slumber he tossed and turned and mumbled of "the interests." And when awake he ran around in circles. Nothing came of the vast commotion which attended the entire career of the Bushwick dervish; Jimmy Walker has been equally successful in managing to respect the local political adage "Don't cross a subway even when you come to it."

No, the word "equally" is inadequate. Candor compels the admission that Jimmy has been far more successful. Although no great corporation, save a political one, would consider Walker for a moment as its chief executive there are many business concerns which might well bid eagerly for his services. No manufacturer could possibly get a man more fitted to meet and entertain the out-of-town buyers. If there stood in all the city a single night-club doortender who knew not Jimmy that would not matter. His is a gift which draws the bolts from fast-barred portals. If you would know the town let Jimmy show you.

And in this firm of my fantasy in which I see Walker as a valued member, there would be many other services for which our Mayor is fitted. Let us suppose the big boss wanted two good seats for one of the most difficult of the successful plays; where could he find a better wheedler for two in the first row than Jimmy Walker? If there were flowers to be sent to someone, a little gift for an aunt or wife or even a more delicate negotiation, I still feel that Jimmy would be precisely the person to execute the mission.

Many of the big concerns have an annual banquet and at this Walker would also be invaluable. They could put him on just after the president of the company. Heads of corporations almost invariably bore the audience. They read their speeches from manuscript and get all bogged with figures. The dinner is dying and people in the back are yawning. At this moment up jumps Jimmy. If any part of the company's business requires contacts with the press Walker would naturally be just the one to handle the reporters. He could jolly them along and talk them out of any questions which were in the least embarrassing. And on the road, of course, he would be a supersalesman.

I have no intention of being scornful about the excellent qualities possessed by the Mayor of New York. Many of the services which I have outlined he has performed for his city in an admirable manner. To some extent he has lightened the vast amount of hate which the rest of America feels for the metropolis. Even in the sunny Southland, where neither Tammany nor the town is much beloved, people hang out of windows and toss roses as they call him "Jimmy." It is not an insignificant thing that foreign visitors should receive their keys and scrolls and what-not at the City Hall from an engaging playboy rather than from a dull and boorish person. Also, it is worth noting the fine effect Walker has had as a national symbol. The common and just reproach against us Americans is that we do not know how to play. Too many of our business leaders have some insurmountable inhibition against ever taking a vacation, and even when they go away they have no skill at being entertained or entertaining. Jimmy Walker knows better.

Nor can the charge be made that the Mayor fails to take full advantage of any journey, since he has returned from each fresh junket refreshed in heart and with impaired digestion. One of our best-loved poets said that the man worth while was the one who could smile when everything went dead wrong. This has become a national custom, but it is not a pretty sight. Indeed, it is necessary to make a very close examination of the countenance of the man with whom everything is going dead wrong before anybody can say with certainty whether he is smiling or gritting his teeth. Jimmy Walker does it much better. And he can smile when nothing whatever is going on either right or wrong. Nor would I suggest that his geniality is a sham. It seems to me that he is a genuinely gay and friendly person. Among our national heroes Walker is practically the only one who can by no manner of means be crowded into the Puritan tradition.

Just what Jimmy's philosophy of life and politics may be it would be hard to say. These incidental matters have never been well defined. At times he is an ardent disciple of the utmost amount of personal liberty, but he is also the author of the three-o'clock-closing law which compels the citizen to leave the cabaret in which he is disporting himself and go to a speakeasy or a hotel restaurant, since hotels are not affected by the provisions of the ordinance. The carousing which one may do in a hotel is seemingly less harmful than that which takes place in resorts where only food and drink may be sold. Again Jimmy Walker was active and effective in fighting a censorship bill before he left Albany for larger service. Nevertheless during his administration a play of some artistic merit and entire sincerity was forced off the stage by Walker's district attorney and police commissioner. Yes, judged by almost any standard, Jimmy Walker is an amusing little man. But sometimes I wonder whether the entire audience which nightly gives the subway packed houses can always see the joke.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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With Sandino in Nicaragua

V

Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 20

SAN RAFAEL DEL NORTE, General August C. Sandino's headquarters when I saw him, is a small town of adobe walls and red tiles situated just over the Nueva Segovia line in the Department of Jinotega on the high flank of the Yali Range. It lies in a narrow pass, through which flows a sparkling mountain stream. On the other side of the watershed, past the high crown of Mount Yucapuca and a smiling populous valley, lies Jinotega, capital of the department. To the southwest the range stretches toward the departments of Esteli and Leon; and all of this region is suitable for effective guerrilla warfare and is fanatically Liberal. With the slightest show of success on Sandino's part, it would flame into open revolt. Here and there through all of this country are isolated Sandino bands, and further toward the Honduras frontier, near Chinandega, the local unit of the National Constabulary a month ago suddenly took to the hills for Sandino. Thus San Rafael is a point of departure west into this region or south toward Jinotega, Matagalpa, and the much-disputed Muymuy, where the combined Diaz forces and resident American marines were—before the Stimson-Moncada agreement—unable to stay the Liberal arms. Sandino has chosen the latter route. And this is all known country to him—the third time his course has led over this ground. Near San Rafael are still signs of the rifle-pits his forces dug for previous combats, and near Yucapuca are the stone bulwarks along the ridge. San Rafael itself is strongly pro-Sandino and has known him of yore. Here it was that a year ago in the little white church on the main plaza he married Blanca Arauz, the local telegraph operator.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The sixth instalment, This Is War, Gentlemen, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

As I told in last week's dispatch, I was finally brought in to see Sandino at 4 a.m., after an exhausting ride to the camp. While we talked his most frequent gesture was the shaking of his forefinger with a full-armed movement; he invariably leaned forward as he spoke; and once or twice he took to his feet, emphasizing a point with his whole body.

His utterance is remarkably fluid, precise, evenly modulated; his enunciation is absolutely clear, his voice rarely changes pitch, even when he is visibly intent upon the subject matter. Not once during the four and a half hours, during which he talked almost continuously without prompting from me, did he fumble for the form of expression or indicate any hesitancy regarding the themes he intended to discuss. His ideas are precisely, epigrammatically ordered. There was not a major problem in the whole Nicaraguan question that he dodged or that I even needed to raise. In military matters I found him most assured; a bit flamboyant and boastful and with a tendency to exaggerate his successes. However, he is exceedingly astute, knows the country well, and, with luck breaking even, can remain in the field indefinitely. By keeping the mountainous country north and east at his back, he cannot be cut off by 2,500 marines or 5,000; and he can shuttle back and forth along the line where these mountains meet with more settled areas, from Muymuy clear to the Honduras frontier, or more than half way across Nicaragua, enjoying a fairly adequate food supply, tapping rich agricultural sectors, and passing rapidly from point to point; whereas the American troops, to cover this same region, and maintain intact their line of communications with Managua and Leon, must swing over an arc half again as long. Sandino's soldiers, inured to hardship and a hit-or-miss food supply, as my previous articles demonstrated, will have a still greater advantage this rainy season. The American troops, operating in an unfavorable climate, will then be completely isolated from Managua, Leon, and the coast cities, for the roads become two feet deep with mud—utterly impassable; even ox-carts are blocked. The marine mobilization route, the long arc from Matagalpa around through Esteli to Ocotal, will become even more difficult and roundabout than now, whereas Sandino will be comfortably enjoying what is, contrarily, the dry season in the mountains, every inch of which he and his men know perfectly. As he put it to me, "I waited in Chipote. The marines concentrated, shipped up supplies, laid month-long plans to oust me, crept gradually up and around my position. They are still there. I am here near Jinotega, half way into the heart of the country. I shall go further into the heart of the country. When they have remobilized here and shipped in troops and more troops and get all set to come out and catch me, I shall be north again —or somewhere else."

And, indeed, it must be admitted that while the marines were massed in Nueva Segovia, to have Sandino calmly march into more-thickly populated regions of the center of the republic, through coffee finca after coffee finca, across two departments, has made the marines a bit ridiculous with all their machinery of war, their science, and their airplanes.

The espionage system of Sandino is excellent. When we neared Jinotega Colonel Colindres ordered two soldiers to take off their red and black hat-bands, remove their leggings, tie bundles over their shoulders, and report on the

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activities of the marines in the town of Jinotega and elsewhere. There was nothing whatever to identify them as Sandino soldiers. In contrast, an outsider in a Sandino encampment must explain his presence.

The present rather plodding tactics of the marines to suffocate Sandino will, I predict, prove unsuccessful. The Sandino troops have learned the habits of the airplanes. The Sandinistas travel early in the morning, late in the afternoon, or at night; at other times, only in the jungles, where they are invisible from above.

Both General Emiliano Chamorro and President Adolfo Diaz, whom I interviewed today, are pessimistic regarding the early capture of Sandino and predicted that he could only be captured by arming further native troops, who can operate in the mountains on the same footing as Sandino troops, without the elaborate supply trains, the extensive equipment, and the careful preparation for combat required by the American forces. At present the United States has armed six hundred native constabulary. This, however, is not a unified force, but is largely used for garrison purposes and is scattered in small detachments throughout the republic. But the United States, now apparently favoring

Admiral Sellers's Demands

The documents of which photostatic copies appear on this and succeeding pages were sent to The Nation *by Carleton Beals. The following letter from Admiral Sellers was dropped from an airplane behind the Sandino lines:*

FILE NO

COMMANDER
U. S. SPECIAL SERVICE SQUADRON

U. S. S. ROCHESTER, FLAGSHIP
MANAGUA NICARAGUA, 20 de enero de 1928

General Sandino:

Como Ud. sabe, el Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, de acuerdo con los llamados Arreglos Stimson, firmados en mayo último, se ha comprometido proteger la vida y propiedades de ciudadanos americanos y extranjeros, y conservar el orden en Nicaragua mientras se lleva a cabo la elección presidencial regular del próximo noviembre.

Durante los últimos días y meses pasados la tarea encomendada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos, residentes en Nicaragua, ha sido obstaculizada en el Departmento de Nueva Segovia por las actividades hostiles de cierta porción de población que se halla bajo su mando.

Esta negativa de U. y de sus compañeros para aceptar y consentir las provisiones de los convenios Stimson, auxiliada por las operaciones ilegales de los hombres de U. han causado daño considerable en cantidad de sangre derramada innecesariamente creando una situación intolerable en ese Departmento/

Comprendiendo plenamente la solemne obligación contraída por los Estados Unidos, de guardar el orden en Nicaragua, desarmando a los habitantes del pais, las fuerzas de mi mando en estos dias se han aumentado considerablemente, en hombres y municiones, las cuales tenemos la intenc \ de usar en todo su poder, como los vastos recursos que nuestro Gobierno ha puesto a nuestra disposición.

Es innecesario para mi el asegurar a U. que el único objetivo en mira por nuestra parte es el restablecimiento del orden en Nueva Segovia para realizar una completa paz, en condiciones que permitan a los pacíficos ciudadanos de Nicaragua el vivir con sus familias y propiedades en la medida de seguridad que ellos tienen derecho a esperar.

Es igualmente supérfluo para mi el declarar de manera enfática que la enérgica e intensiva campaña que nuestras fuerzas inaugurarán dentro de poco no pueden tener sino un resultado final decisivo.

El sacrificio innecesario de vidas humanas es punto tan serio, que por eso se me ocurre que aunque en ocasiones anteriores U. ha rehusado el desarme, ahora, a la luz de subsecuentes acontecimientos U. querrá considerar la conveniencia de poner término a la presente resistencia armada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos y que U. sabrá seguir el ejemplo de sus conciudadanos de ambos partidos políticos, los cuales en mayo del año anterior convinieron en arreglar sus diferencias en un alto y patriótico espíritu, sin mayor derramamiento de sangre.

Llevando adelante la política de mi Gobierno para el restablecimiento del orden, de la manera mas expedita posible, no me siento justificado en este momento para contener ninguno de los preparativos que de manera enérgica se están llevando a cabo, a menos que U. crea oportuno el contestar inmediatamente y por escrito su voluntad de discutir los caminos y medios de su aceptación de U. y sus compañeros de los arreglos Stimson.

Será para mi grato recibir cualquier comunicación que U. me envie, dirigida al cuidado de la Legación de los Estados Unidos en Managua/

D.F.SELLERS.

Real Almirante de la Marina de los Estados Unidos.
Comandante de la Escuadra de Servicio Especial.

(*Translation*)

Managua, Nicaragua
January 20, 1928

General Sandino:

As you know, the Government of the United States, according to the so-called Stimson agreements, signed last May, is obligated to protect the lives and properties of American citizens and foreigners, and to maintain order in Nicaragua until the regular Presidential election of next November has been held.

In the days and months just past the task intrusted to the forces of the United States resident in Nicaragua has been hampered in the Department of Nueva Segovia by the hostile activities of a certain part of the inhabitants, under your command. Your refusal and that of your companions to accept and consent to the provisions of the Stimson agreements, reinforced by the illegal operations of your men, have caused considerable harm, spilling much unnecessary blood, and creating an intolerable situation in the department.

In view of the full implications of the solemn obligation contracted by the United States of keeping order in Nicaragua and disarming the inhabitants of the country, the forces at my command have within the last few days been considerably increased by reinforcements of men and munitions, which we intend to use to the full, as also the vast resources our Government has placed at our disposal.

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that the only end we have in view is the reestablishment of order in Nueva Segovia, to insure complete peace under conditions which will enable the peaceful citizens of Nicaragua to enjoy for their families and properties the measure of security they have a right to expect.

It is equally superfluous for me to state emphatically that the energetic and intensive campaign which our forces will open very soon can have but one ultimate result.

The unnecessary sacrifice of human lives is so serious a matter that I have thought that although you have refused to disarm before, now, in view of subsequent events, you may wish to consider the desirability of putting an end to the present armed resistance to the forces of the United States, and that you might follow the example of your fellow-citizens of both political parties who, last May, agreed to settle their difficulties in lofty and patriotic spirit, avoiding further bloodshed.

In carrying out the policy of my Government for the reestablishment of order as expeditiously as possible, I do not feel justified at this moment in limiting any of our preparations which are energetically being made, unless you consider it opportune to signify immediately and in writing your willingness to discuss the ways and means of your acceptance, and that of your companions, of the Stimson agreements!

I shall be gratified to receive any communication you may send me, addressed care of the Legation of the United States in Managua.

[Signed] Sellers,
Rear Admiral of the United States Navy,
Commander of the Special Service Squadron

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Moncada, the Liberal candidate, is afraid to arm native troops, which will be controlled by a Conservative Party administration. The alternative, President Diaz told me, is to send down three or four times the present number of marines. Thus the only hope for a prompt capture of Sandino would seem to be in the organization of light flying columns, disposed to face great odds, for Sandino has already demonstrated his cleverness in ambushing such columns. Hence, I repeat, given an even break of luck, Sandino will last out until the rainy season, which means that he will not be taken before next December, making satisfactory elections impossible and hence upsetting the whole American program in Nicaragua.

Sandino discussed the campaign. "We have learned many things from the invader. Formerly we used to camp in the open fields, but we saw that our enemy seized the homes of Nicaraguan citizens for his barracks, ruthlessly shoving the occupants out into the streets. So we had to care equally for the welfare of our soldiers; only we have always tried to utilize the homes of those known to sympathize with the invader, and this with the minimum of inconvenience to the occupants. In general, though, the people have offered their homes to us voluntarily, their homes and their all, for they are with us and they know we are fighting for the independence of our country.

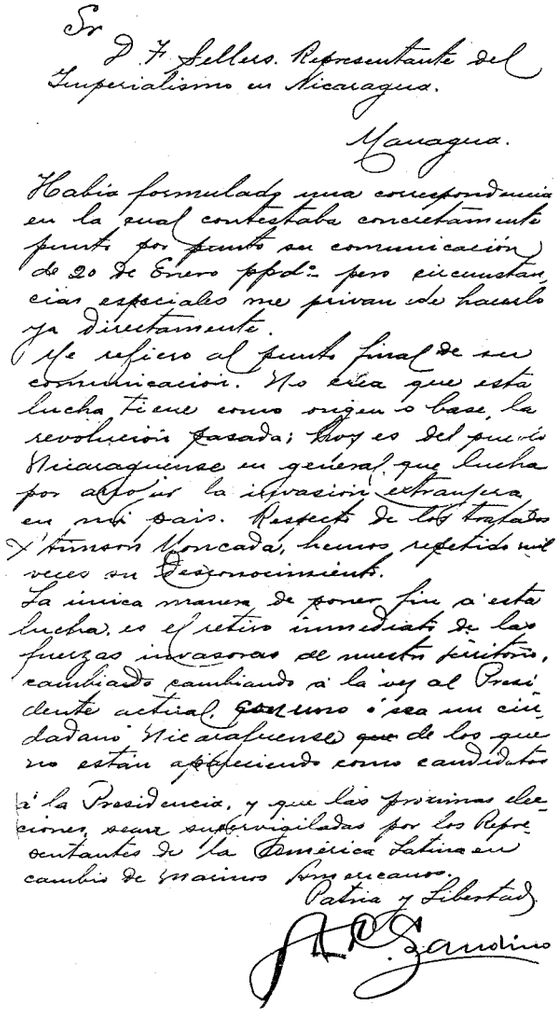
"Yes, we owe all to our enemy. If he had never attacked us, then, indeed, our condition would be miserable. From him we have taken everything we possess. If we had not been attacked, we would have no clothing and no ammunition and we would have perished, for we are incapable of living by banditry. We have taken nothing from the peasantry, save that which has been tendered to us voluntarily. In El Chipote the entire countryside used to toil up to the heights with food and animals for our soldiers, laying what we needed at our feet. In the way of food, we have had plenty, for the countryside is with us, to almost a man. Do you think we could have existed in one fortified place for half a year with all the might of the United States against us, if we had been merely bandits? If we were bandits every man's hand would be against us; every man would be a secret enemy. Instead every home harbors a friend. The enemy said: 'He must finish soon. He has no food supply, no ammunition, no guns.' But the enemy forgot that the people would feed us; he forgot that he himself had guns and ammunition."

At this point Sandino ordered brought in to me the various weapons taken from the American forces: Browning, Lewis, and Thompson rifles, airplane machine-guns, etc. "We now have thirty machine-guns," he declared. "Does a bandit travel around with thirty machine-guns, except in Chicago? In the battle of Ocotal we sustained fifteen hours of combat featured by constant firing. In the main battle of Las Cruces we fired twenty thousand shots. Not so bad for a mere bandit!"

Sandino's first order on his arrival in San Rafael was that the first soldier touching anything not belonging to him would be shot. My conversations with the shop-keepers of the town bore out the conclusion that the Sandino troops were absolutely orderly and paid for everything they wanted.

General Sandino himself touched upon one instance of forced assessments. "One Colonel Porfirio Sanchez arrived ahead of me in Yali and levied forced contributions on a number of private citizens. He was thrown out of the Army of Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua, and if I lay my hands on him he will be shot. The money he exacted has all been made good—here is a receipt for $2,000 from Elvira Rodriguez for the

Sandino's Reply


Sr D. F. Sellers. Representante del Imperialismo en Nicaragua.

Managua.

Habia formulado una correspondencia en la cual contestaba concretamente punto por punto su comunicación de 20 de Enero ppdo. pero circunstancias especiales me privan de hacerlo ya directamente.

Me refiero al punto final de su comunicación. No cree que esta lucha tiene como origen o base, la revolución pasada; hoy es del pueblo Nicaragüense en general que lucha por abolir la ingerencia extranjera en mi pais. Respecto de los tratados Stimson Moncada, hemos repetido mil veces su desconocimiento.

La unica manera de poner fin a esta lucha, es el retiro inmediato de las fuerzas invasoras de nuestro territorio, cambiando cambiando a la vez al Presidente actual, por uno o sea un ciudadano Nicaragüense que de los que no estan apareciendo como candidatos a la Presidencia, y que las proximas elecciones sean supervigiladas por los Representantes de la America Latina en cambio de marinos Norteamericanos.

Patria y Libertad

A. C. Sandino

(*Translation*)

San Rafael
February 3, 1928

SR. D. F. SELLERS
REPRESENTATIVE OF IMPERIALISM IN NICARAGUA
MANAGUA

I had planned to answer concretely point by point yours of January 20, but circumstances do not permit me to do so directly at this time.

I refer to the final point in your communication. Do not believe that the origin or basis of this struggle is the recent revolution [the political struggle between Liberals and Conservatives]. Today it is the entire Nicaraguan people who fight to drive out the foreign invasion from my country. As to the Stimson-Moncada agreements, we have refused to recognize them a thousand times.

The only way this struggle can be ended is by the immediate withdrawal of the invading forces from our territory; the substitution for the present President of some Nicaraguan citizen not a candidate for the Presidency; and the supervision of the coming elections by Latin-American representatives instead of American marines.

For Fatherland and Liberty,

[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

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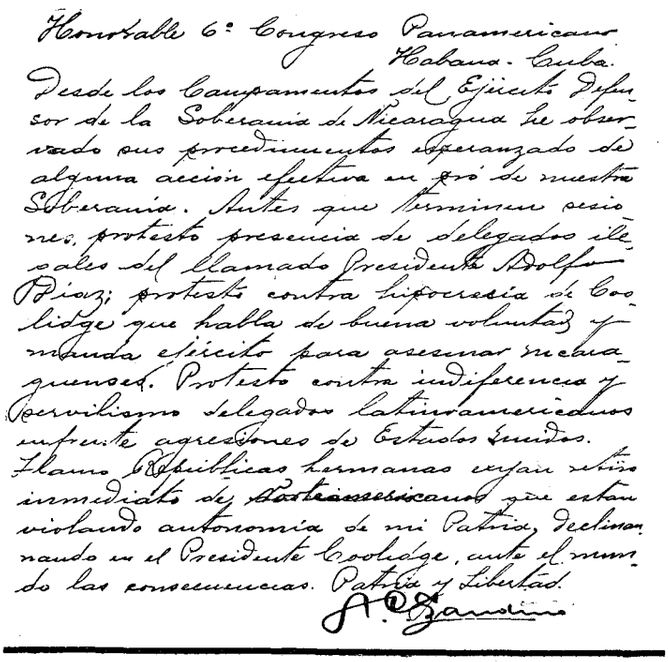
MESSAGE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS



(*Translation*)

TO THE HONORABLE SIXTH PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS
HAVANA, CUBA

From the camp of the Army of Defenders of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua I have observed your proceedings, hoping for some effective action in favor of our Sovereignty. Before the sessions are ended I wish to protest against the presence of illegal delegates of the so-called President Adolfo Diaz; I protest against the hypocrisy of Coolidge, who speaks of good will and sends an army to murder Nicaraguans. I protest against the indifference and servility of the Latin-American delegates in the face of the encroachments of the United States. I call on our sister republics to insist on the immediate withdrawal of North Americans who are violating the autonomy of my country. President Coolidge must, in the eyes of the world, bear the responsibility for the consequences.

For Fatherland and Liberty,
[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

amount he forced her to pay him and which we refunded.

"My record is absolutely clean. Any man can examine every step I have ever taken. He will never find that Sandino his life long has ever taken anything that has not belonged to him, that he has ever broken a promise, that he has ever left any place owing any man a cent. My parents were landed proprietors. When but a boy I handled fifteen to twenty thousand dollars and never touched a cent not mine. I have worked honestly for a living in many places, in Bluefields, in Honduras, in Guatemala, for the Huasteca Petroleum Company in Mexico, in the San Albino mines, and on occasion in most responsible positions."

He showed me the ledger of army expenditures. "Everything we take in and spend is faithfully recorded here. Today, for instance, I gave Colonel Colindres fifteen dollars, all I had at the moment, to buy clothes for five of his soldiers who escorted you from El Remango and who came in dirty and ragged. I suggested to him that he tell the shopkeeper we are poor and that he make the money go as far as possible, and if it didn't quite stretch to send the bill to President Coolidge, who is to blame for this violation of my country."

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., March 10

CORNERED at last, Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon admits that he received $50,000 of Harry Sinclair's reeking Liberty bonds from the hands of that confessed liar and perjurer, Will H. Hays. The saintly Secretary makes a great show of his virtue in returning the bonds when he learned their source. But he does not explain his prolonged silence. For four long years Senator Walsh and the Government's oil prosecutors had sweated and slaved in the effort to trace the $3,080,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates in the Continental Trading Company. They found that a part of it had been used to bribe a Cabinet official. It was imperative that they should ascertain what became of the remainder. They asked and were repeatedly promised full cooperation of the Treasury Department. Scores of witnesses were called. Hundreds of books and documents were painstakingly examined. Yet never the slightest intimation came from the Secretary of the Treasury that he had ever handled any of the bonds, or knew who had handled them. Never a word until the tell-tale notation, "Andy," was found on a memorandum describing the disposition of $25,000 of the $260,000 in bonds which Sinclair handed to Hays in 1923. Only then did that great man hasten to inform Senator Walsh that he had been offered, and had declined, $50,000 of the tainted bonds as reimbursement for a prospective contribution to the Republican deficit.

* * * * *

"I THINK it will leave a very bad impression on the country," comments Senator Walsh, with characteristic reserve. One would think so. In any of the great republics of Europe such a confession would be followed by the immediate resignation of the official making it. In Great Britain, a Cabinet would fall. It was the duty of the lowliest citizen to help the committee in getting to the bot-

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tom of this slimy mess. Mr. Mellon's duty was greater than that of a citizen. It was greater than that of the average public official. He is the very head and front of the Coolidge Administration, possessing more influence and exercising more power in many directions than the President himself. Yet he deliberately joined in concealing a transaction which was conceived to defraud the Government, and which resulted in the bribery of a fellow-member of the Cabinet and the debauching of the party. The time for amenities and official courtesies is past. If the Senate Committee does not call Secretary Mellon to the witness-stand, and cross-examine him with the same vigor which it has displayed toward private individuals similarly involved, it will fall short of its duty.

* * * * *

MELLON'S partial confession exposes Hays in another attempt to deceive the committee and the country. Ten days earlier he had pretended to make a full accounting of all the bonds. Not a mention of Secretary Mellon's name came from his lips. Twisting, squirming, biting his lip until it bled, he admitted soliciting and receiving from Sinclair $260,000 of the bonds after a prima-facie case of corruption had been made against the oil magnate and Secretary Fall. Evening of the same day found him dining pleasantly with President Coolidge at the home of Secretary of Labor Davis. Neither his host nor his distinguished fellow-guest seemed to find his presence objectionable. Nor did they appear horrified by the discovery that Hays had lied in his testimony before the committee four years ago.

* * * * *

IT is hardly surprising, then, that the Department of Justice has signified no intention of proceeding against Mr. Hays for perjury, although the grounds seem ample. Testifying in 1924, Hays admitted that Sinclair had contributed $75,000 in Liberty bonds toward the deficit which remained from the 1920 campaign. He omitted to mention the additional $185,000 which was contained in the same package. Following is an excerpt from his testimony then:

> SENATOR WALSH: To whom did Mr. Sinclair make this contribution?
>
> HAYS: To some member of the committee, I think; I am not sure.
>
> SENATOR WALSH: He did not make it to you, Mr. Hays?
>
> HAYS: No, sir, he did not.

Observe now the colloquy which occurred four years later, with Mr. Hays again testifying under oath:

> SENATOR WALSH: Did Mr. Sinclair give these bonds to you, personally?
>
> HAYS: Yes, sir.
>
> SENATOR WALSH: Where did the transaction take place?
>
> HAYS: In New York, either at my office or Mr. Sinclair's—I can't remember which.

In addition to exercising moral supervision over the motion-picture industry, Mr. Hays, as a leading elder in the Presbyterian church, is chairman of the Laymen's Committee on Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. In behalf of the deserving clergy of that denomination, it is to be hoped that Elder Hays is as successful in raising funds as he was for the relief and sustentation of the Republican Party. But all good Presbyterians will fervently pray that he obtains them from other sources.

MR. MELLON'S belated confession, that he knew about the bonds, knew their source, knew who handled them, and once had possession of some of them, seems to explain the obstructive tactics which the Treasury had pursued toward the investigation. For six weeks since the inquiry was resumed not a shred of new evidence was supplied by the Treasury, although its assistance in tracing the bonds was essential. On the contrary, incidents occurred suggesting that the Department was endeavoring to hamper the work. Where were the alert and fearless Washington correspondents while this was going on? Were they too dull and incompetent to obtain this important story, or was it the old familiar business of "laying off" a Secretary of the Treasury who has been singularly generous in the matter of making tax refunds to influential newspapers?

* * * * *

YET again we find the sacrosanct Secretary involved. He is in distinguished company. In preparation for the 1920 Presidential campaign, a group was formed to buy a defunct advertising agency for approximately $400,000. The desirability of this agency lay in the fact that it placed advertising in about 400 foreign-language newspapers in this country, and through that advertising was supposed to be able to influence their editorial policies. Considering that they had a combined circulation of 4,000,000, they might be expected to influence a considerable number of votes. With a campaign coming on, it was not difficult to find individuals and corporations to subscribe the necessary amount to carry out this bit of "Americanization." Accordingly, the committee found among those who had subscribed to the purchase of the agency, the following: Secretary Mellon, John B. Farrell, William Boyce Thompson, former vice-president of several Sinclair companies and chairman of the Republican Finance Committee; the late John T. Pratt, New York capitalist; Francis Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, whose loans have recently made other Americanization work necessary among the Nicaraguans; Senator T. Coleman du Pont; Samuel Insull, famous for his benefactions in the Illinois Senatorial campaign; the Armour Packing company, Swift and Company, Libby, McNeill and Libby; the American Smelting and Refining Company; the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago and the First National Bank of the same city; Don S. Momand, Mrs. Cabot Ward, Frank D. Gardner, and others. Although constantly losing money, they held on to the agency from 1919 until after the crisis of 1924 was over, when, with Mr. Coolidge safely inaugurated and the country secure for another four years, they liquidated it. Included in the purchase price was $30,000 in Liberty bonds. They came from Pratt, known to have received $50,000 of the Sinclair bonds from Hays.

* * * * *

WHEN the bluff and breezy Robert W. Stewart was defying the committee in opposition to the pious wishes of the younger Rockefeller, papers like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* uttered severe comments on the manners and ethics of men who had come more or less suddenly into power and influence, and who lacked the proper background to enable them to use it properly. What will such newspapers say when their editors read the foregoing list, and observe that the cream of the "lily whites" in the business world, including Mr. Mellon himself, deliberately engaged in an enterprise to control the editorial policies of 400 newspapers through their advertising—the ultimate

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goal being to accomplish the election of Warren G. Harding and the Ohio Gang? My guess is they will say nothing. Perhaps they have already done what the esteemed Washington *Star* did on the day of the disclosure—eliminated all mention of Secretary Mellon's name from the news story. Or they may have done what the Associated Press did on the day that "Andy's" name was found on the sinister memorandum—started the story by describing the hearing as "a rather drab session."

* * * * *

FOR a candidate who holds such a commanding position, Secretary Hoover is risking his chances of the nomination rather desperately. By allowing his name to be entered in the Ohio and Indiana primaries, he has exposed himself to the danger of defeats which would ruinously impair his prestige. A beating by such a blatherskite as Frank B. Willis would be sad enough, but if it were followed by a defeat at the hands of the unspeakable Jim Watson, it is difficult to see how the Hoover boom could survive. Every day of the campaign brings new evidence of the extent to which the Secretary's clever young men are playing into the hands of those seasoned and crafty strategists who, at the proper moment, will engineer the swing toward Charles Gates Dawes.

Americans We Like
Congressman La Guardia

By DUFF GILFOND

The Twelfth in a Series of Personality Portraits

CONGRESSMAN FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA of Harlem wished to exhibit on the floor of the House the touching pictures he had taken on his recent visit to the Pittsburgh mines. The Washington correspondent in whose possession they were offered to bring them down to Capitol Hill the following day. But La Guardia, fearful lest the fellow oversleep, insisted on getting them himself at once. I was in his office at the time and offered to take them up in my Ford. On the way the engine stalled and the starter died. While I fumed and the correspondent suggested what might be amiss, the cherubic La Guardia hopped out, cranked the car, and made her go.

Since Congress convened in December, besides inspecting the mines, he has fought the naval appropriation bill, attacked the Administration's Nicaraguan policy, cruised in a sister submarine of the S-4 for thirty-six hours, given a number of Prohibition enforcement officers heart failure, messed up $300,000 worth of army posters, introduced a liberalizing immigration bill and a number of labor bills.

In spite of his earnestness and the disappointments which such a liberal program necessarily brings, the merry little Major (his title in Washington since the war) has preserved his sense of humor. He persists in introducing bills that cannot pass—for ten years. "They serve for educational purposes," he says, puffing at his two-and-a-half-cent Manila cigar. "The function of a progressive is to keep on protesting until things get so bad that a reactionary demands reform." He slaps his fleshy thighs in great glee as bills he sponsored years ago get a hearing today. Only the other day a constituent wrote him to support the pending civil-service retirement bill. "Why wouldn't I support my eleven-year-old son?" he responded. Optimistically he tore away to a committee hearing recently on the changing of the Congressional calendar according to which Congressmen meet thirteen months after they are elected. What matter that only one other Congressman came, too? "We're paving the way," said La Guardia.

He attends all his committee meetings, dictates all his letters, and never gives his colleagues a chance to slip a bill through by absenting himself from the floor. If he is not making a speech or an objection his dark little rotund figure is at least conspicuous in the House. He is a great trial to some of his colleagues—especially the rabidly dry and Nordic—but just as great a comfort. One of the very few men who study every bill on the consent calendar, he can invariably answer the questions of his less prepared cohorts. He is the hated and beloved boy who does the homework. La Guardia has affected more bills in the House than any other member. There is not a branch of the Government, from the Shipping Board to the Department of State, that he has not attempted to reform.

How he does it? Watch him for a moment in his office—gesticulating wildly as he argues in Italian with a constituent, dictating a letter urging a Cabinet officer to be sensible, listening to the sob story of a rabbi told in Yiddish, feeding the newspapermen with another rumoring revelation, and doing them all at the same time. To be sure, his Yiddish and Italian are repeatedly interpolated with such adjectives as "lousy," but is the fiery little Major angry? Indeed, not. He is having too good a time to be angry. He is in action. In the House restaurant the other morning he was served so readily that a group of ladies at the next table remarked about it. "Oh, I work here," explained La Guardia. "They know I have to get to work."

Fiorello H. La Guardia

His forthrightness is astounding. A contracting firm

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in his district wrote him to vote for a bill in accord with its interests. La Guardia could easily have told them he would "take the matter under consideration" as his more tactful colleagues do. Instead he dictated: "I will fight, oppose, and attack this measure in every way I can."

When weariness does overtake him he plays a tune on his cornet, slips into the movies, or cheers up a lonesome member with a sample of his own spaghetti and of his superb mimicry of their colleagues.

The diversity of his activities has not made him superficial. Although his sympathy was with the miners, he obtained his facts and figures from the coal operators. There could be no question of fairness about the deductions he brought to the House: the coal operators want the miners to pay for bad conditions in the industry; an industry that cannot pay its workers a decent living wage has no right to exist; the cost of maintaining the private police, who forceably keep colored strike-breakers on the property, under a system of virtual peonage, would pay for the increase in wages demanded by the miners. With the same fair-mindedness he tore up a speech he had prepared in criticism of the navy's efforts to raise the S-4 and went down to see for himself. The exculpation—La Guardia really believes nothing can be put on a submarine to enable lifting her once she is sunk—may have disappointed many, but it showed the defiant Major is open to conviction, even by the navy. Naturally, the new friendship was not long-lived. "Wait," he told one of the admirals who came to thank him for his supporting speech, "till you hear what I have to say about naval armaments."

Similarly he takes the heart out of the dry-law officers, illiberal lobbyists, and organization men in the House. They never know what he will do next. Why, he would change his vote on a bill because he was convinced by the opposition! He has come to Congress as a Republican on a Fusion ticket and as a Progressive indorsed by the Socialists. Before his last election he nearly ran as an Independent but the Republican candidate got cold feet and ceded the nomination to him. Asked why he took it, he rumpled his black hair and said: "Well, I can do more here than on Second Avenue, so what's the difference?" He never attends a caucus; he gives White House invitations to the children; taunted with radicalism on the floor, he aptly retorts: "As long as a person talks about great American standards he is applauded; when he asks to put them into practice he is a radical."

La Guardia got the opportunity to keep his promise to the admiral from the National Republican Club, where he was invited to speak at a non-partisan discussion on the new navy bill. To insure equality and fairness Admirals Plunkett and Fiske, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts were also invited. La Guardia immediately got the irony of it.

"It does not require much imagination," he said, "to predict the feelings of the Londoner at breakfast tomorrow when he reads in his *Times* that the only one who criticized the great naval program of the Administration at a non-partisan discussion at an influential club was an obscure little Representative from New York by the name of La Guardia."

He argued that the appropriation was absurd because a war between England and the United States was unthinkable and no other Power was dangerous. To the contention that commercial competition made war inevitable he said: "The muzzle of an eighteen-inch gun is a poor salesman for American goods in other parts of the world." Finally he suggested that if we did continue with our present naval policy we ought to abandon the pretense of being Christian, return to the old nationalistic religions, and build up the necessary hate. It was his remarks that provoked the senile Plunkett to declare that war between England and the United States was imminent.

Immediately upon his return to Congress from the World War La Guardia offered an amendment to reduce the army by 200,000 men. He was a war hero and his little boon was granted. He has since offered a resolution annually to outlaw war. He succeeded in making the War Department retract a very effective enlisting poster which, unfortunately, was misleading. It pictured a handsome cadet and read: "Do you want to go to West Point? Ask recruiting officer." The little Major, dashing by it, was attracted. He removed his sombrero and thoughtfully scratched his head. This was a startling concession, indeed! Then he sent a few boys to the recruiting office for particulars. It was true. They didn't have to go to a Congressman at all. All that was necessary was to enlist for three years in the army and they would be sent to West Point. The recruiting officer said so. Mr. La Guardia returned to his office. He figured out that only one man out of twenty-five thousand in the army goes to West Point. Whereupon he framed a letter to the Secretary of War and posters amounting to $300,000 had to be withdrawn.

It is quite remarkable that so much correspondence should be exchanged between "an obscure little Representative from New York" and the illustrious members of the President's official family. Mr. La Guardia is in constant communication with the Secretary of the Treasury and with the United States Attorney General. Whenever these gentlemen pat themselves publicly on the back for a successful dry raid the irrepressible La Guardia blurts out a countercharge which leaves them gasping. While they were reveling in their capture of the Remus rum ring, for example, the little Major gleefully informed them that their ace captor was bootlegging the whiskey he had confiscated. To the Secretary of Labor he complained because the immigration laws were not as rigidly applied to "repudiated, unemployed, and shiftless dukes and archdukes" as to respectable aliens. To the Shipping Board he protested against "joy rides" for the elite rather than for wounded soldiers.

Thus have the officers of the present Administration managed to keep the dynamic gentleman from Harlem in his beloved state of activity. In spare moments he can always take a rap at prohibition. A few days ago he summed up the situation on the floor: "Politicians are ducking, candidates are hedging, the Anti-Saloon League prospering, people are being poisoned, bootleggers enriched, and government officials corrupted."

A magazine article charging that New York is an alien city whose Representatives in Congress are not even "real Americans," elicited a delicious "come-back" from La Guardia. The New York *World* took up the accusation and asked each member of the New York delegation to trace his ancestry. "I have no family tree," responded La Guardia. "The only member of my family who has is my dog Yank. He is the son of Doughboy, who was the son of Siegfried, who was the son of Tannhäuser, who was the son of Wotan. A distinguished family tree, to be sure—but after all," added our irreverent Honorable, "he's only a son of a bitch."

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In the Driftway

EVEN sauerkraut has friends. When the Drifter took a jab at it the other week—or at least at its juice—he thought it hadn't any defenders. (N. B. He never hits anything that's likely to hit back.) Alas, he was wrong. There seem to be thousands in this fair land who would gladly die in defense of sauerkraut—or at least do to death the Drifter. A newspaper paragrapher wrote once that after long experience in American journalism he had learned that the only thing one could safely abuse was the man-eating shark. Since that was written the field of abuse has grown more restricted. Probably now one can safely abuse only man-eating sharks with six teeth that answer to the name of Rover. Certainly one cannot abuse sauerkraut—or even confess ignorance about it.

* * * * *

WHAT indeed seems most to have annoyed readers was the Drifter's naive confession that he thought sauerkraut was made with vinegar. "And you claim to have lived in Wisconsin!" retorts one exasperated driftee. "Why out there when one farmer sees another he asks: 'Putting down any sauerkraut this year?' 'No—too busy. I'm not doing anything except to put down seven barrel for the family.'"

* * * * *

FROM the office of the Macon *News*, "Evening and Sunday Morning," comes this letter:

> From the ignorance he displays in his discourse on sauerkraut juice, which appeared in the February 29 issue of *The Nation*, it is easy to see that your Drifter has never drifted into the mountainous section of north Georgia, nor into the sand beds of South Carolina or Alabama.
>
> While I have never heard of sauerkraut juice being used as a breakfast food by north Georgia mountaineers—pork, cornbread, and black coffee comprising the morning meal of that sturdy folk—the juice of the luscious sauerkraut occupies the place of honor, alongside the corn-liquor jug, in their medicine cabinets.
>
> Quinine-iron-strychnine tonics are not known back in the mountains ten and fifteen miles from the nearest physician. Sauerkraut juice serves as a much more efficient spring toner. The housewife physicians of the neighborhood prescribe the "salt water flavored with cabbage," as the Drifter terms the beverage, as a cure for ills ranging from galloping consumption to plain, everyday stomach ache.
>
> The ignorance of the way in which the delicious food is prepared shown by your Drifter is really refreshing to those living in sections where the kraut barrel is a family institution. In the homes of the more prosperous farmers a wagon load of cabbages is hauled up and the green leaves stripped down to the white heart of the head. The head is then shredded and a layer placed in a barrel, or jar, and a layer of salt is sprinkled over it. The layer-cabbage, layer-salt plan is followed until the barrel is filled; then a small quantity of water is poured over it and the mixture is put in press to ferment.
>
> Since reading the Drifter, I have inquired of my fellow-reporters and find that in Nashville, Tennessee, as well as other Southern cities, the drug-stores are advertising the drink for sale along with their ice-cream sodas, sundaes, and milk-shakes. It is said to be very popular with the drug-store cowboys in those cities.
>
> A story, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, was told me by a South Carolinian when I broached the subject of sauerkraut juice at the boarding house the other day. It seems that in his section of South Carolina the Negroes often use the juice as a substitute for moonshine liquor. He declares that a "glorious" drunk may be pitched on it. In the section of north Georgia where I was raised corn liquor was too plentiful for mountaineers to drink sauerkraut juice at their parties.
>
> While your Drifter is drifting, let him come down to Macon, Georgia, and we will teach him a few wrinkles which he does not know.
>
> Yours for better and cheaper sauerkraut juice,
>
> EDGE R. REID

* * * * *

AND from Lockport, New York, Dr. Clara H. Kaiser writes: "So you have been approached on the subject of sauerkraut juice. Well, so was I, and I fell for it. But let me tell you, if spinsterhood is the triumph of mind over curiosity, for Heaven's sake, hang on to your spinsterhood."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Protection of Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those responsible for banning me in Madison have evidently been skilful in their own defense.

It was represented to me, and the controversy in the Madison press prior to my arrival there seems to bear this out, that it was President Glenn Frank who put pressure on the Student Forum Committee to withdraw its invitation. Nor was this done, as at present maintained, on the basis of the synopsis of my lecture, but on account of sensationalized interviews with me in the New York press. The synopsis was sent some little time before the lecture was canceled. I believe that honest feminism, not morals, is its sole offense.

I proposed to examine how to arrive at the protection of mothers and children, rather than of women as such. One-third of the lecture as originally planned dealt with married and unmarried women in industry; another third with the inadequate protection of maternity under existing laws and conventions; the rest with the scandals of alimony, women and war, women's struggle for education, the changing attitude of respectable middle-aged Englishwomen toward birth control, sex education, and the protection of adolescents.

I have addressed mixed audiences of students at the Labor clubs of both Oxford and Cambridge universities on similar topics. If in fact the men students of Madison were themselves responsible—which I do not believe—for breaking, in a panic, a lecture engagement of four weeks' standing, then they are unlike any university students I have ever met, and the outlook for American liberalism—but still more for feminism—is black when they reach responsible positions. The Madison business men, with a spirit of tolerant inquiry such as is commonly and mistakenly supposed to exist in universities, invited me to address their club after my appearance in the town.

Some students are reported to have draped the free-speech tablet on the campus in mourning. But possibly they were women? I inclose the abstract of my lecture which I sent the students for their approval.

SHOULD WOMEN BE PROTECTED?

> It may be true that in the past, when life was more difficult than it is now, women needed protection and dependence upon the strength of men during the time they were rearing their children. The excuse for such protec-

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tion no longer exists in the more secure and closely woven society of today. Protection of women has now become a hindrance rather than a help to their happiness and free development. When women sought the vote, men continued to urge the warm shelter of the home as a substitute. Today protection by law in certain trades is offered to women, not honestly, but frequently with a view to protecting men from their competition.

The laws and customs which enforced a secluded life for woman before and after marriage may have been necessary in a world which allowed her no other career but sex and child-bearing. But their aim was much more to protect the man by insuring the paternity of his children. This is shown by the reactionary attitude taken up by men toward women who are economically independent and who therefore practice some degree of sexual freedom.

The argument of physical weakness disappears. Girls are easier to rear than boys, hence the surplus of women in many countries. Women tend to live longer than men. There may be some ground for the protection of the mother at certain times of her life, but there is no ground for the protection of women as such. Indeed, I am not sure that before long we shall not need new laws for the protection of men from the consequences of their own folly in setting such high standards of Puritan morals to the majority of their women.

New York, March 3 DORA RUSSELL

George Sand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Madame Aurore Sand, granddaughter and only living descendant of George Sand, is attempting to accumulate a fund the interest of which, under the name of the Prix George Sand, will be used to aid promising young French writers who need financial assistance. The income from the dues of membership in the society known as "Les Amis de George Sand" is largely devoted to this fund. In order that it may reach proper proportions, however, there is need of outside contributions. These may be sent directly to Madame Aurore Sand, whose address is 11, rue de Bagneux, Paris (VI), or (during the summer) Château de Nohant, Nohant-Vicq, Indre, France.

I should be glad to send details to readers of *The Nation* who might like to become associated with "Les Amis de George Sand."

A "Salon George Sand," with a rare collection of memorabilia of her whom Edouard Estaunié characterizes as "the voice of woman at a time when women were silent," has recently been established in the Carnavalet Museum in Paris through the beneficence of Madame Aurore Sand. Upon her death, the Château de Nohant, where George Sand spent the greater part of her life and in the gardens of which she lies buried, will go to the French Academy as a permanent memorial.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD

St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., February 11

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Thank You!

Saturday, March 10th, 5 P. M.

Dear Friends of The Nation:

We have just closed the lists and sent the last names over to the printer. And we take great pleasure in announcing that there are 1,304 of you—Nation readers who have sent at least one Tenth Anniversary subscription for Mr. Villard's Birthday Gift. Hundreds of you have sent more than one, many have sent three and four and five. One has sent twenty-five, and one, forty!

As a result of your efforts we shall be able to put into Mr. Villard's hands on Tuesday, March 13th, a birthday gift of 2,300 new subscribers to The Nation. That is magnificent. We congratulate you.

Pages From The Nation, *the book which has been prepared to commemorate the Tenth Anniversary, and which, as you know, is to contain the names of all those who are giving the Birthday Present, will be ready for mailing in about two weeks' time. The first volume will go to Mr. Villard on his fifty-sixth birthday, as a token of our friendship.*

CRYSTAL EASTMAN,
Secretary, Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers.

CHINA

Where it is today— and why!

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

MR. MILLARD has had 30 years of personal contact with the Far East, and is one of the foremost experts on China. His book covers the events of the last three years. WILLIAM McFEE recently recommended it in the *World* as "the best bet for the business man" who hasn't time to read all the new books on China, and LEWIS GANNETT in the *Herald Tribune* called it "an amazingly good book."

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Books, Music, Plays

The Maid Medusa

By LEONORA SPEYER

Once I loved . . .
Once . . .
A shepherd-youth. All day
With his white flock
I watched him from my rock.

I waited, heard him play
His pliant reed,
(Drowsily flowed the tune
The drowsy hours away),
Until,
As pillowed on a tender note,
He dropped asleep among his sheep,
The sun-light on his throat.

I bade my hair be still,
Chiding each fearful lock;
They writhed them to a coil at my command.
Deep in a coppice where he lay
I found him, held his eyes shut with my hand—
The gods know I sought not to kill.

Had he not torn his gaze free,
Flung off my fingers,
Laughing as they clung,
As though at some light game—
How radiant beneath his lids the blue,
Paling to horror as he spoke my name:
He looked on me.
Too close he looked on me.

I saw his graying face,
(For when was blood in stone?)
I knew the burden of his stark embrace,
Of mouth turned marble as it kissed;
While on my brow
The locks grew clamorous, hissed,
Uncurling one by one,
Loudly undone,
To tumble, crawl along his arm,
His breast, his heavy thigh,
Still warm,
As stone is in the sun.

Down from a dim bough
Overhead,
Of leaves too sudden dark,
A carven bird fell dead.

Ah, that these eyes of mine,
(Medusa's dolorous eyes),
Could blacken and blight the sun
To an onyx ember;
Make of the moon, the crowded welter of stars,
Dull pebbles blown
Along blind, granite skies;
Could drown all light in stone!
That I might cease to see, to hideously remember
Those other eyes—
Their agate stare,
Wide, flinty, and aware—

And the weight, the weight,
Cruel and cumbrous-straight,
Of his slim body
As we lay there.

Once I knew joy.
I, Medusa, long ago.
A shepherd-boy . . .
All day with his white flock . . .
I, watching from my rock.

Born *and* Made

A President Is Born. By Fannie Hurst. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT is really too bad that Fannie Hurst does not ask some competent editor to go over the proofs of her novels in order to catch those minor slips which, so easy to remove, are so unpleasant when left. Such a person in even a hasty reading could have pointed out to Miss Hurst that sixty-five is an absurd number of acres for a farm like that which she describes as belonging to her heroine; that "corn runts" are not cornstalks; that well water is not softer than cistern water; that "to eke their way" does not at all mean "to make their way"; and that as a rule the precise way to say a thing is as effective as the rough-and-ready way. The best writers, of course, are their own best editors, but almost any editor can improve the work of a writer who tends, as the best writers seldom do, to be a little less than workmanlike in the matter of details.

The excuse can always be offered, and indeed is customarily offered, that precision is less valuable than power. Well, Miss Hurst has power, and it has won her the admiration of thousands of readers who know life when they see it in a book and who like it the better the more they see of it. At the same time, by her lack of precision she gives her style a certain thickness and opaqueness which do not quite go with her genuine intelligence. She writes with a clear head but with a swelling heart.

Her clear head directed her to the original and amusing idea which lies back of "A President Is Born." That is the story of the youth of David Schuyler, about twenty-five years old in 1928, who was to become President of the United States. Ostensibly written a good while later than the present, the narrative proper confines itself rather strictly to the years which now have actually run through the calendar. But there are various footnotes, claiming to be extracted from the diaries of David's sister Rebekka, which throw a prophetic light over the later years. This skilful device allows Miss Hurst to handle two eras side by side, conducting a plain story through the one, and in the other, not taken too chronologically, exhibiting the consequences of the life led in the first.

In the working out of this idea, however, the swelling heart has a large share. Perhaps that is as well, since, when it comes to prophecy, there is not much to choose between hearts and heads. At any rate, Miss Hurst has been more interested in the emotional present of David Schuyler and of his family than in their political future. David, though immensely if somewhat clumsily greedy for knowledge, is shown for the most part to be growing in his generous sympathies. His sister Rebekka

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is another of those valkyries in harness whom Miss Hurst excels in representing. The other members of the family, truthfully enough, give little evidence that they are of the stock from which Presidents spring.

When it comes to that, from what stock do Presidents spring? At this question the most important emphasis of the novel becomes clear, and there emerges from it a prophecy which is only implied in the text itself. The Schuyler family is of German, not of English or Scotch-Irish, descent. Nothing could be further from the stories told of the upbringing of a certain contemporary President—with its pinched caution and mean thrift and narrow aims and sly knowingness and dryness of heart—than this story of the President who is to come (is he to come?) when the expansive, hearty-living, eager-minded, non-Puritanical stocks shall have found a leader. Hitherto the popular biographies of Presidents have generally been written in a mode which seems increasingly archaic—homespun biographies, as if their subjects were in training to become Presidents of some skimpy provincial republic. Miss Hurst has disturbed that pattern. Here is a President who, in spite of many handicaps, lives richly and deeply, as if in training to be President of the United States which now exists and which may be a much more agreeable place to live in if ever it learns that it does exist. When that time comes, Miss Hurst may be understood to prophesy, the legend of the last of the Yankee Presidents will seem as quaint and angular as the legend of the last of the Yankee peddlers.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Marriage of Minds

The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America. By Bernard Fay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

MODERN historians find the bounds of history hard to set; any study of a particular period must extend into economics, religion, law, social life, and habits of which the political aspects were but the outward form and manifestations. The historian must deal with ideas and beliefs, with customs and environment. The book under review is significant in this respect; it throws into high relief a vital element that permeated the young Colonies and brought them to open rebellion. The primary object of Mr. Fay's book is not to discuss the American Revolution but to show how the aspirations and the revolutionary spirit manifested in America and in France reacted the one upon the other and produced the rebellion of the American colonies and the revolution in France.

The author seeks first to answer the question: What part did France play in the international relations of the Colonies? His general thesis is that the climate of opinion in America engendered by the stormy conditions under which the Colonies were founded and maintained caused an already aggressive temperament to evolve into a revolutionary one. Nature and the American soil transformed and inspired the inhabitants "with the passionate desire to form an autonomous body with an ideal and a will of its own." France, perceiving this and smarting under the treaty of 1763, had the discernment to seize the opportunity when offered of supporting the Colonies in their conflict with Great Britain. "The ardent curiosity and zeal of the French hastened and shaped the development of the United States into a nation and woke in the Americans an eagerness to know themselves and to define and realize their potentialities. And this same influence that inspired them with an international and universal genius also roused their national spirit." French influence was disseminated throughout the Colonies in various ways. Through the young French noblemen, who as officers in the American army held high social prestige, there was brought to America "a refining of manners"; numerous professors of the French language "rendered American education more artistic and intellectual"; the first families of the South sent their sons abroad to study, and they continued thereafter to make trips to Europe. Rich New England families to some extent did the same. Even the military science of the Americans was French, since "all the books that were printed for the instruction of officers, artillery-men, and engineers were translations from the French." Moreover, through diplomatic and paid propaganda, France sought to consolidate the national union of the States. Thomas Paine in particular is mentioned as a paid propagandist who became later one of the principal agents of the republican revolution in France.

On the other hand, the Colonies played their part in France. "Revolutionary sentiment grew because of the appeal that Jefferson's formula had for all nations. At the same time, revolutionary mysticism became more and more fervent at Paris and built up a veritable worship about Franklin." To these two men is credited a decided influence among the young revolutionaries. "Franklin's personality and his stay in France are the source of most of the visions and hopes that were the immediate preparation for the French Revolution." Jefferson's house became the headquarters of the patriotic party and his role as that of mentor is stressed. An entire literature grew up in France about the United States, and between the years 1783 to 1789 these publications "were continually presenting to the public the romantic, sentimental, and religious legend which, through the efforts of travelers and authors, the United States had become." French officers, French writers, and French educators returned home from America "with their heads full of ideas for reforms." All parties in France recognized in America the model that the revolutionary idealists sought to follow in 1789.

Mr. Fay sums up his discussion by saying:

> It seems, therefore, that from 1775 to 1800 there reigned an impassioned intellectual union between the two countries. . . . The best minds of both countries threw themselves recklessly into this friendship. . . . A thousand tendencies, theretofore obscure, took shape and became images and desires; the revolutionary spirit, eager to transform the world and to act immediately, took the place of the spirit of reform, French intellectualism and American religiosity formed a torrent that swept the world.

To all those who enjoy studying well-worn subjects from new angles this volume will prove stimulating. Certainly it should not be overlooked by students of the period covered.

C. W. ALVORD

Three Statesmen

Lord Shaftesbury. By J. Wesley Bready. Frank-Maurice. $5.
Richard Cobden and Foreign Policy. By W. H. Dawson. Frank-Maurice. $5.
Lord Brougham. By Arthur Aspinall. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.

BIOGRAPHIES and studies of nineteenth-century British statesmen are being showered upon us. Lord Shaftesbury, Cobden, and Lord Brougham are among the latest contributions to the flood. The former two may be considered complementary in their careers and achievements. For, though they covered the same period, they rarely touched and hardly ever overlapped. Shaftesbury was the chief pioneer and promoter of social and economic reforms in Britain, and was only drawn into external politics when some burning moral issue came up, such as the abolition of the slave trade or the opium trade with China. Cobden, on the other hand, was almost always engaged in international affairs, for his great free-trade crusade, though derived from considerations of domestic poverty and needs, soon developed into the central principle of a constructive pacific internationalism. Both statesmen were distinguished from Lord Brougham by their paramount regard for moral principles in the conduct of public life. Mr. Bready's

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study of Shaftesbury opens with an encomium uttered after his death in 1855 by the Duke of Argyle to the effect that "two social reforms of the last century have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

It was a new departure in politics for a young man of noble family to dedicate himself to the task of remedying the appalling abuses which the greed of disordered industry and social oppression had bred in the life of the English working classes. Mr. Bready properly stresses the deep religious convictions which inspired Lord Shaftesbury throughout his arduous labors for the good of others. A passionately earnest evangelical, following in the footsteps of John Wesley, he deemed it his mission to apply the teaching of Jesus to the present conduct of public life. Shaftesbury was no sentimentalist. He grappled always with the facts, and all his victories in lunacy reform, the ten-hour day, mines and factories, chimney sweeps, opium smuggling, liquor traffic, and housing reform were won by the presentation of incontrovertible evidence. He was no radical, no believer in democratic government; he opposed the reform bills of his time, and was in no active sympathy with the Christian Socialism of Kingsley, Hughes, and Maurice. He disliked the sensationalism of the Salvation Army. No enemy of property, not even aware of the scientific socialism of the age, he was seized with a sense of stewardship in the administration of wealth and power by their possessors. But he differed from other holders of this "moral trust" doctrine in that he brought it into the conduct of the state. Mr. Bready finds fault with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond for their disparagement of the evangelical spirit. But, though right in claiming Shaftesbury as a legitimate child of the evangelical revival, he fails to show that any considerable proportion of this mighty impetus flowed into the work of social redemption which Shaftesbury undertook. Evangelicism generally stood for the next world to the neglect of this.

Dr. Dawson in his able treatise rescues Cobden from the narrow associations which, in America as in Britain, have attached to Cobdenism. He shows Cobden as a great humanist, busied primarily with good relations between nations, but keenly alive to all great causes of human welfare; his greatest contribution to the thought and policy of his age lay in the positive encouragement of trade and human intercourse between peoples, and the negative doctrine of governmental non-intervention. Thus he was pacifist, anti-imperialist, and arbitrationist. His friendly feeling for America, manifest throughout his career, was largely based on his sympathy for her abstention from any "spirited" foreign policy or any "entanglement." Not the least interesting part of Dr. Dawson's book is his application of Cobdenism to our day. While regarding some sort of League of Nations as a legitimate extension of Cobden's pacifism, he would give it no sanction, and he wishes his country to extricate itself "from the European imbroglio as soon as possible." In particular he protests against "the subordination of this country, its external relations and interests, to the wishes and convenience of a single Power."

In his study of Lord Brougham Dr. Aspinall restores vitality to an early nineteenth-century lawyer-statesman who has long become a dim figure to most Englishmen. The energy, versatility, brilliancy, and recklessness of this great careerist, always fighting for place and power, now Tory, now Whig, now radical, often doing admirable service in good causes of constitutional reform, social service, and, above all, education, distinguished Lord Brougham from the other Victorian statesmen of the mid-century. None of them was his equal in oratory, industry, and intellectual power. Unfortunately, as his biographer here shows, his arrogance and unreliability wrecked a great career at its height, and the man who in the thirties had made himself the most popular, if not the most powerful, man in Britain soon sank into comparative obscurity, living mostly in the south of France and dabbling in the spiritualistic activities of Robert Owen's declining years.

J. A. HOBSON

A New Novel

Love in Chartres. By Nathan Asch. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THE young writers who dismiss with sincere disdain the work of the older practitioners of fiction are not allowed to hawk their own productions unchallenged. They find that the literary pundits are as little satisfied and as greatly contemptuous of the newer novelists. For if anything be more characteristic of the Old Guard, as it grows smaller in number and much the worse for being old, than that it never surrenders, it is the fact that it ever strenuously grumbles and objects. Taunted with "conventional," it retorts "mannered"; assailed as "dull," it cries "incomprehensible"; accused of being pitifully inadequate to our time, it counter-attacks with the charge that modernistic writing is utterly inconsequential. The controversy flames anew each time a representative volume is published and the general reader is gradually forced into one camp or the other, or, worse still, stands shell-shocked in an intellectual No Man's Land, a victim of both fires.

Now Ford Madox Ford, who is more sympathetic with the new school than I, closes a discussion of "Love in Chartres" with the words: "Mr. Asch remains one of the most remarkable of the world's young writers" because, in his opinion, Mr. Asch has written a very beautiful book which renders the spirit of Chartres one with the essence of this story. On the other hand, Simeon Strunsky, who has found the errors of the younger literary generation a source of whimsical subject matter for his Sunday "comics" in the New York *Times*, believes that "it is a good story and could have been very well told in the old manner" but, unfortunately, the author "has not escaped from the dogma of a stream of consciousness that must move backward." And so the book is spoiled for Mr. Strunsky; it is filled with pluperfect verbs.

This is typical criticism from the opposing camps; and it seems necessary to indicate that, in view of what the modernists are trying to do, it is characteristically irrelevant. For the fact is—and it should be an obvious fact—that our modern novelists are engaged not so much in artistic self-expression as in experimental research. They insist—and rightly—that their first task, in an age which is indubitably and radically different from the preceding generation, is to rediscover the physical character and spiritual significance of even those objects, actions, and ideas which habit has made automatically acceptable and to test the relevancy of these things to the present civilization. In the process of rediscovery new manners as well as new values are born, and if these styles seem less attractive than the old, it must be remembered that form is in the early stages of a movement infinitely less important than purpose and result.

Thus it is irrelevant to the essence and value of Nathan Asch's work to praise or blame it for its composition. One may admit that his stream-of-consciousness method has mannered and tortured his prose; one may well regret "and it was but much later that she did get up" and a hundred equally awkward phrases; one may even inform Mr. Asch that his dogma of initial perfection which precludes revision is nonsense. Yet one cannot lose sight of the fact that in portraying the conflicting demands of artist and lover within a man Mr. Asch has written a more understanding work than Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Furthermore, it is more understanding precisely in the qualities which make it a modernistic opus. It is homely; sparing in its realism, it none the less avoids the romantic trappings that obscure rather than decorate the sentiment of love. It is honest; its characters are not only true to their emotions but they refuse to be bound by the outworn conventional incumbencies of the situation. It is brave, artistically brave, in denying to the reader the catharsis of a climax and the pleasure of a solution.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

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Temperature 102°

England, Europa und die Welt. Von Erich Obst. Berlin: Kurt Vowinckel Verlag. 36 marks.

IT would be difficult to find a more able or more fascinating statement of the forces underlying the growth of the British "commonwealth" of nations, and the dilemma in which it finds itself at present, than this volume by Professor Obst. Obst belongs to the group of German scholars who during the past four years have been publishing the important *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik.*

The seven years of acute industrial depression in England, the tremendous General Strike, the developing nationalist self-assertion of the Dominions, and the intervention against the Chinese Revolution are as unmistakable signs of a sick empire as a temperature of 102° is of a sick body. What has happened?

Obst has divided his book into two unequal parts: in the first hundred pages he considers his subject from the "geo-political" viewpoint and outlines the high spots in the growth of the empire. It is not an account of the whims of individual kings, warriors, and statesmen, but a thorough statement of the underlying conflict over trade routes, markets, and raw materials. The second part discusses in great detail, with much assistance in the shape of excellent statistical tables and charts, the economic foundations of the British Empire. The production and consumption of the chief cereals; of animal foodstuffs —meat, butter, eggs, etc.; as well as of tea, sugar, and tobacco are thoroughly analyzed. The status of the basic manufacturing and metal industries is well presented. Cotton, wool, linen, hemp, jute, silk, and artificial silk—all the important textile industries are investigated. Considerable attention is devoted to those sinews of empire—coal, iron and steel, and petroleum. Finally, after discussing shipbuilding, and the manufacture of machinery, Professor Obst is far too modern to fail to see the importance of the chemical and rubber industries. The condition of three typical industries may be cited.

In 1860, during the reign of Queen Victoria, England's production of pig iron—4 million tons—alone was larger than that of all the rest of the world. But even before the war, in 1913, this monopoly had disappeared completely, and England's production of 10 million tons was surpassed by Germany with 17 and the United States of America with 31 million tons! In recent years exports of iron and steel have fallen off, while imports have increased. The younger, better-organized steel-producing countries are able not only to satisfy home consumption but even to invade the British market itself.

Another thing which helped to give England world supremacy was her monopoly of the export trade in machinery. No further back than 1900, both Germany and the United States were far behind Britain in value of machine exports. By 1912 the tide had turned, and in that year both of these countries surpassed Britain. Today the Empire Development Union admits that "in every branch of the export trade in machinery we are far below the level of 1913."

The manufacture of cotton goods was the first mass-production industry to spring up after the industrial revolution, and has ever since been one of England's most important industries. It is centralized in Lancashire, and the extensive and long-continued mass unemployment in that region is indicative of the bitter competition the industry is facing. In 1924 Great Britain exported to India only 79 per cent as much cotton goods as in 1913; to the Dutch East Indies 55 per cent; to China 68 per cent; to Japan 60 per cent; and to Central and South America 43 per cent. Indeed, the Empire Development Union is quoted as saying: "Unless the trade with India and the Far East can be recovered, the prospects of the cotton industry in Lancashire are grave. No compensation can be found in other markets for the loss of that trade. The difficulty in regard to the recovery of lost trade is the enormous growth of the cotton industries of competitive countries, and the growth of the industry in the Far East itself. These two important new developments have been going on for some years and are not in the least likely to be checked; they are much more likely to increase in importance."

England's decline from her monopoly position began before the war, but the war accelerated it past mending. In his summary Professor Obst piously advises England to renounce dreams of empire and voluntarily to become a part of an economically United Europe. Considering the history and the facts in his own book, however, it is more likely that, true to her past, England will make an attempt to conquer that vast potential market—the USSR—and simultaneously destroy the revolutionary organizing center that threatens her markets in China and India, and even causes trouble at home.

THEODORE MACLEAN SWITZ

Helmholtz's Treatise

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. Translated from the Third German Edition and Edited by James P. C. Southall. The Optical Society of America.

UP to 1850 vision was conceived as a function of the retina, alike in character in all of its parts but differing in degree at the fovea, where it was most acute, and at the periphery, where it faded to zero. Schultze discovered the rods and the cones in the percipient layer and precipitated investigations of the functions of these two end organs. Helmholtz, the right man for the time, began his studies of the functions of the eyes and soon evolved the ophthalmoscope, with which he proceeded to study the normal arrangement of the interior of the eye. He probably never realized that this instrument would revolutionize ophthalmology and scatter the large number of diseases operating unseen, up to that time, and known collectively as "black cataract." In the hands of another genius, von Graefe, the instrument opened a new world to the oculists of the period and the foundation for modern ophthalmological science was laid. These three men were genuine benefactors of the human race, and, like all such, are known to but a few of the millions who enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Two editions of Helmholtz's "Physiological Optics" were published in German before his death and others since, but until now it has been unavailable in English. This third volume of Professor Southall's edition is chiefly concerned with eye movements and with vision as a mental combination of the images of two eyes endowing us with perception of depth, distance, and size. Not many realize the importance to the individual of binocular vision, or of the various instruments which are fashioned after human eyes. The translation of Helmholtz's great work places this information where it can be obtained directly. Professor Southall and his associates are entitled to the sincere thanks of every scientist.

RALPH I. LLOYD

Books in Brief

The Travels of William Bartram. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

Any reader coming to this book for the first time will wonder why it has been allowed to pass into the limbo of famed forgotten things. There cannot be many more delightful descriptions of travel and exploration in early American literature. William Bartram set out to gather scientific data, chiefly botanical, in the unfamiliar regions of Georgia and East Florida, but he brought a spirit of wonder to his observations and recorded the workings of nature with the eyes of a poet. He weds the most gorgeous adjectives with the technical names of his

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plants. His soul is brimful of eighteenth-century benevolence and piety, and this gives to his writing that flavor "immeasurably old" which caught the fancy of Carlyle. He is by turns enthusiastic, sober; dramatic, idyllic; reflective, naive; diffusive, firm; redundant, precise. He recounts many thrilling experiences, such as battles, single-handed, with hosts of alligators, and reports many curious and wonderful sights; but these adventures and sights are not nearly as exciting as being greeted in the remote wilderness by a good man reclining on a bear-skin, with a sentence like this: "Welcome, stranger; I am indulging the rational dictates of nature, taking a little rest, having just come in from the chase and fishing." It is a narrative of infinite riches and variety. The editor of "An American Bookshelf" deserves a vote of thanks for placing it within the general reach.

Chinese Art. By R. L. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.
Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting. By Louise Wallace Hackney. Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.

These are two magnificent picture-books. Mr. Hobson writes a brief and authoritative introduction, but the one hundred and twenty plates are the book. Most of the plates, as befits the keeper of ceramics at the British Museum, are of pottery, and they are superb reproductions of an art in which the Chinese stand alone. One may complain of the meager allowance to sculpture and painting, and the reproductions of lacquer seem disproportionate. Mrs. Hackney's volume, although described as "edited" by Paul Pelliot—perhaps the greatest sinologist outside of China—is clearly the work of an intelligent amateur. Perhaps for that reason there is hardly a better introduction to Chinese painting available for English-reading laymen.

The World Talks It Over. By Burr Price. Rae D. Henkle Company. $1.75.

An expert press-agent tells how the League uses publicity as a cure for trouble.

An Outline History of Japan. By Herbert H. Gowen. D. Appleton and Company. $4.

More ample than Latourette's "Development of Japan," particularly on the period preceding Commodore Perry's expedition, Mr. Gowen's summary fills a useful niche. Its account of Japanese relations with China since the outbreak of the World War is scrupulous not to offend the sensitive Japanese.

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a creative musician would be turning to this, the highest even if least lucrative form of composition, if there were any chance of getting a hearing. Lastly, many a community would develop a local pride in its own musicians through such an ensemble, a wider activity through this pride, and eventually a national consciousness through steady contact with native musicians and native music.

That such a proposal is only now being made shows how far we still are from a musical florescence. That it has had to come from a struggling handful of musicians shows even more the real odds. When we come to face these odds we find that most of them exist because, in spite of the fabulous sums spent on music in this country, and the even more fabulous musical wealth that comes to these shores, neither our musical foundations, and private patrons, or even our public geniuses have as yet progressed beyond self-interest. One cannot point to a single benefaction that is not made to reward the giver; to a single benefactor whose gift could slip beyond his grasp as long as he was alive. That no one has reached the point of national service is indicated by the fact that the first intelligent approach to such a service—a national survey of conditions—has yet to be made.

One would like to exalt, as a counteracting influence, the foreign musicians in our midst, those musicians who claimed—and received—our hospitality during the war, and our support ever since. Instead, the time has long since passed even for ignoring them out of courtesy. When in 1918 one newly made symphonic leader of a newly made orchestra dismissed all modern American music as "pretentious," and another with the remark that "of course" he was "interested" but had no time to examine the scores, one condoned it as natural prejudice. National passions were, after all, still running high! But when in 1928 not only these conductors but also their colleagues were still adhering to this policy, then one could only accept such an attitude as definitely hostile.

There have, of course, been exceptions to the rule. There is Ernest Bloch, who daily proves his ideals and his enthusiasms as well as his genius. There are, perhaps, one or two others. For the rest, statistics tell the tale. According to those quoted by James P. Dunn in a musical magazine called *Singing*, only four of the 120 works performed by the New York Philharmonic during 1926-1927 were American; only five out of the eighty-eight by the New York Symphony; just two out of the forty by the Boston Symphony; and but three out of the thirty-nine by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In the face of such a record the claims of an organization like the New York Chamber of Music Society, which already has to its credit 100 American works covering only a period of fourteen years, are too obvious for further comment.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Lenten Fare

DRAMATIC critics as well as churchmen generally do their penance during Lent. The Holy Season may occasionally be interrupted by dramatic productions of interest, but by common consent the managers launch most of their more important undertakings before it begins, and the critic, well aware that most of his evenings will not be pleasurable enough to constitute a sin, may well wish that his profession permitted him to make a virtue out of abstinence. Certainly the early part of this year's Forty Days was no exception to the general rule, since the more prominent offerings were a revival of Bayard Veiller's gaudy melodrama "Within the Law" (Cosmopolitan Theater), a rather one-sided debate upon birth control entitled "Her Unborn Child" (Eltinge Theater), and, finally, "The Great Necker," a farce presented by Chamberlain Brown at the Ambassador. If I choose the latter for comment, it is only with a certain feeling of desperation that I do so.

In order to fall in with the frolicsome but highly explicit manner of the piece I had better point out that the title is a pun. The middle-aged bachelor hero of the play frequents the society of Great Neck but he is also, you see, an adept at that popular extra-curriculum collegiate activity which used to be known as "petting" and which has more recently been given a designation which makes the pun possible and thus furnishes, as it were, the principal pleasantry of the evening. He gets himself engaged to a flapper of sixteen because he thinks she is innocent; he discovers to his horror that she knows more than he does; he abandons her in favor of a mature but still fascinating lady more suitable to his years; and the moral of that is that the young should not be protected against the Facts of Life.

Though the author is occasionally seized by a rather untimely impulse to point out that Ignorance is not synonymous with Innocence and that the Younger Generation has, after all, been much maligned, the plot of his farce is doubtless no worse than most and his most fatal vice is a penchant for epigrams which do not come off. Each is delivered in a fashion which suggests that they must have been indicated in the manuscript by being typed in red and there is a pause after the delivery of each to allow time for the laughter to rise and subside before the action proceeds; but, unfortunately, the other members of the dramatis personae seem more impressed than the audience with this wit, and the actors rush in to save the day by some fresh and excruciating bit of business like the effort to hide an unmistakably feminine garment behind their backs. Sometimes the wit rises to the modest height achieved by the Woman of the World when she advises: "Keep your beauty and your beauty will keep you," but the bright sayings more frequently fall with the dull sickening thud of "Flaming Youth never set the world on fire." When epigrams fail there is a Jewish comedian who says "pipple" for "people," and a lady member of a censorship board who gets tipsy.

I must confess that the piece seems to improve slightly as it approaches its conclusion and that, as the curtain descends, the Woman of the World makes this sapient comment: "The good Lord made us women beautiful and dumb—beautiful so *you* would love *us* and dumb so *we* would love *you*." This, I submit, is, comparatively at least, not bad. If my readers have heard it before I apologize to them; if not I apologize to the author of "The Great Necker" for my ungenerous suspicion that it might not be new.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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65 West 35th St., Wisconsin 3480
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CONCERTS

CARNEGIE HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 18

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Last New York Appearance

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LECTURES

The Community Church

Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sunday, March 18, at 11 A. M.

Morning Service

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"Henrik Ibsen:
His Life, Art and Thought"

A special sermon in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great dramatist

Community Forum at 8 P. M.

RABBI NATHAN KRASS

"Shall Science Supplant Religion—with Special Reference to Judaism and Christianity?"

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DEBATES

SAVE THE DATE

Friday Evening, March 30th, 8:15

D E B A T E

SCOTT NEARING — NORMAN THOMAS

Subject: COMMUNISM VS. SOCIALISM

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SAVE SUNDAY AFTERNOON APRIL 8th

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Is it Imperialism or Benevolence?

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Manhattan Opera House

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International Relations Section

Dishonoring Kossuth

A Speech Not Delivered at the Unveiling of the Kossuth Monument at New York, March 15, 1928

By OSCAR JASZI

AMERICANS, AMERICAN-HUNGARIANS, GUESTS FROM HUNGARY: Seventy-seven years ago Senator Hale, during a debate in the American Senate concerning the reception of Louis Kossuth, said: "I wish Kossuth to come here, in his very person, a living reproach to despotism, of whatever name and wherever it may be. . . ."

Some months later, when the people of Massachusetts gave a solemn reception to the great exile, Emerson, with his eyes looking *sub specie aeternitatis*, addressed the former governor of Hungary: "There is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in that cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. . . ."

Three generations later, when Lord Bryce attempted to measure the moral forces of Europe before the Great War, he found that they were determined by five men: Napoleon, Bismarck, Cavour, Mazzini, and Kossuth.

In Hungary, the country trodden down by the Viennese camarilla and later under the sham constitution of the dual system when the will of the Hungarian people was frustrated by corruption and the army of the Hapsburgs, even here they were unable to discolor the memory of Kossuth. The messages of the hermit of Turin were constantly feared by Vienna, whereas the Magyar peasants and workers awaited, voiceless but stubborn, the return of the hero of the revolution and on all occasions they raised the old sad song:

> Kossuth Lajos sent the message
> That his army needs more soldiers:
> If he calls a second time
> All must follow his request. . . .
> Long live Hungarian freedom! . . .

But the dethroner of the Hapsburgs never returned. When his dead body was brought back in 1894, the streets of Budapest were swarming with a multitude inflamed with an enthusiasm that has never since been equaled and the whole country went on a pilgrimage to his unworthy son.

Who was this man who was capable of arousing such an amount of love and hatred, of hope and fear? In a period when all power was in the hands of the nobility, when the peasants bore the yoke of the lordly rule, when Hapsburg absolutism with the help of its magnates and bishops reigned without check and balance, when Hungarian economic development was suffocated by the cruel colonial policy of Austria—Louis Kossuth, a poor country lawyer without family prestige or connections, showed new ways and ideas to a weak and unorganized public opinion. In a country devoid of any political press he became the first great Hungarian journalist and created a mighty popular current in favor of advanced social reforms. His program had three pillars: the emancipation of the bondsmen, the introduction of parliamentary government, and the independence of the country from Vienna. In the interest of this program he developed an almost superhuman activity. The fire of his blue eyes, the magnetic spell of his voice, the power of his style drew into the orbit of his influence not only the disinherited of the country but also the more enlightened circles of the Hungarian middle nobility.

And a larger and larger camp followed the apostle. The Hungarian reaction and the Viennese camarilla regarded with growing terror the inflaming propaganda of this *homo novus*. They threw him into prison for three years in the hope that the cell would break his vital energy. But they were disappointed. Kossuth returned not only unbroken from the jail but, feeling his mission, he learned, while there, German, French, and English so that later in the period of his exile he was able to arouse the whole civilized world.

Meanwhile, the situation became more and more acute between Vienna and the Hungarian opposition. Kossuth reinforced his propaganda against Austria and feudalism. Like Gandhi in our own time, he created a defensive association against foreign industry and with his pen "dipped in human love" attacked feudal privileges. But Vienna was adamant against all reforms until the waves of the February revolution at Paris compelled Emperor Ferdinand to grant a parliamentary constitution. Kossuth, as Finance Minister, could begin to realize his reformative ideas. But in a few months the Hapsburg ruler broke his pledge, as so often, and, continuing his practice of "divide et impera," instigated to civil war the nationalities of Hungary, which were exasperated by the erroneous nationality policy of the Hungarian opposition. (That was the only point at which Kossuth misunderstood the situation during the revolution.) But even against the coalition of Hapsburg and the nationalities the force of the idea of national independence and human freedom was miraculous. The eloquence and organizing genius of Kossuth created a powerful army which went from victory to victory. The die was cast and the National Assembly at Debreczen dethroned the treacherous dynasty in April, 1849.

Having lost Hungary, the Emperor was compelled to suffer the deepest mortification by begging the assistance of Russia. When this horrid business was done and the Hungarian upheaval crushed, young Francis Joseph and his staff undertook such cruel hangman's work that it remained unrivaled in the history of civilized nations. Thirteen leading generals of the Hungarian revolution were hanged and the premier shot. Then came the Germanizing absolutism of the Bach period. The public opinion of the country was practically dead. But Kossuth, with admirable tenacity, upheld the Hungarian cause during the black years of his exile and tried to convince liberal public opinion in Europe and in America of the dangers of Hapsburg domination in Central Europe as the chief obstacle not only of Magyar independence but of the emancipation of the Slavs and Rumanians as well. With a virile sincerity he revised his former nationality policy and elaborated a new conception founded on complete national autonomy for each race and a confederation among the nations of the Danube.

Had this plan been followed, Europe would have avoided the horrors of the World War. But another course was taken. The ruling classes of Hungary, under the pressure of absolutism, made a compromise with the Emperor. The Dual System was established, an artificial and immoral half-measure, putting the majority of the

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nations under the yoke of German-Magyar supremacy. This shortsighted policy drew the Slavs and the other nationalities into irredentism and pushed Central Europe inevitably toward catastrophe between the millstones of pan-Germanism and pan-Slavism. Kossuth clearly realized the danger of the Dual System and advocated his plan of a Danube Confederation based on the equality of all the nations as the only guaranty for a lasting peace: "Unity, harmony, fraternity among Magyars, Slavs, and Rumanians! That is my most ardent desire, my most sincere advice. . . ."

Such was the man, the visionary, the moralist, whose memory we honor today. And the Hungarians of America, the nameless workers of the plants and fields, have performed a noble act by raising this monument with their modest savings. Hungary, mutilated by a cruel imperialistic peace and checked in her development by a rapacious oligarchy, never needed more the guidance of Kossuth than in her present dark period. But there is no sign that the rulers of Hungary will follow the message of our great prophet. Among those who arranged the festival of today or among those who have made the pilgrimage to this monument I see scarcely any who can be called disciples of Kossuth. On the contrary, the majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the creation or maintenance of a system which by armed or administrative terror ousted the real followers of Kossuth from the Hungarian parliament, for Hungary is the only country in Europe which upholds the shameless practice of open voting. The real followers of Kossuth are now more persecuted than the Communists. Barna Buza, Vincent Nagy, Count Theodore Batthyany, and many other real Kossuthites are unable to arrange a single meeting before the peasantry. Rustem Vambery, a leading criminologist, was ousted from the university and now leads a wonderful solitary fight against the spirit of the Middle Ages. John Hock, the Hungarian Lamennais, president of the National Assembly, the third which dethroned the Hapsburgs, and many other excellent men of the Kossuth tradition are living now as pauper outcasts of Hungary.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which, under the pretext of combating communism, tortures in prison the Hungarian workers, which has driven into misery, by robbing him of his estates, the magnanimous Count Michael Karolyi (even his little children found no pardon!) because he took seriously the message of Kossuth and divided his *latifundia* among the peasants. This same system gave amnesty and parliamentarian membership to the mass murderer, Ivan Hejjas, a bosom friend of Admiral Horthy, but sentenced to seven years in jail Louis Hatvany, who was never a revolutionary but only a literary gentleman sympathizing with republicanism and pacifism. His only crime consisted in having denounced some five years ago the murders of the "gallant officers" of Admiral Horthy.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which introduced the ignominious *numerus clausus* against the Jewish students and tolerates that almost every week many Jewish boys and girls flee from the universities with bloody heads.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which instead of following the advice of Kossuth "to go ahead along the Danube in the establishment of freedom and a peaceful cooperation among the nations," prepares secretly for a new war and operates systematic smuggling of war materials with Italy.

But all these are only symptoms of a system rotten to the core. Its original sin lies in the fact that the most fundamental thought of Kossuth is not yet realized in Hungary. I mean the liberation of the bondsmen. For bondage has been eliminated only on paper, while the far greater part of the agricultural population is still kept in servitude because, in the absence of independent peasant property, they are compelled to toil for a starvation wage on the *latifundia* of the petty kings. That is the reason why wages are the lowest in Europe in fertile Hungary, why in Budapest child criminality was found more conspicuous than in the seventeen largest cities of England, why tuberculosis devastates so terribly the Hungarian people, why many graduates of the universities are unable to rent a room but are compelled to rent a bed as in "The Night Asylum" of Gorki.

Then why this disgusting farce? Why did Magyar feudal fascism need this comedy with the monument of Kossuth? The reason is that its followers feel the soil tremble under their feet, they are terrified by Kossuth's spirit, and they try to falsify it by transforming Kossuth the republican, the liberator of the peasants, the advocate of religious and racial equality, the father of the idea of a Danube Confederation into a Kossuth conforming to *their* ideology. The people of Hungary, muzzled by a bloody class rule, without a serious parliament, without a free press, without a jury, under the yoke of a corrupt administration and judiciary, awaits silently the return of Kossuth's spirit.

Not only the people of Hungary but the whole basin of the Danube awaits the fulfilment of his political testament. Because the only possibility for peace, for civilization, for the protection of the persecuted nationalities lies in the way indicated by Kossuth: in the formation of a Confederation of Free Republics on the ruins of the dynasties and feudalism.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

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C. W. ALVORD, recently dead in Italy, was the author of several volumes dealing with Western American History. His review in this issue was one of his latest efforts.

J. A. HOBSON, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is a foremost British economist.

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